

PEN AND PENCIL

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONTENTS.					
OPENING ADDRESS	Page 2	The Black Sea Blockade	6	The Policy of the War	10
Summary of the Week	2	Napier and Cardigan at the Mansion House	6	Neglected Business	10
News of the Week—		Metropolitan Legislation	6	Miscellaneous	11
The New Cabinet	2	Sir De Lacy Evans	7	Our Gossip	11
Parliament	2	Lord Palmerston	7	Our Illustrations	11
The War	3	Gazette	7	Mathborough House	12
Military Intelligence	5	Money Market	7	Exhibitions	12
The Enfants Perdus	6	Births and Deaths	10	British Institution	13
Drouyn de Lhuys' Circular	6	POLITICAL COMMENTS—		Theatres and Music	14
		The Ministerial Crisis	10	LITERATURE—	
				Hue's Chinese Empire	14
				The Broker's Secret	15
				The Fig-Trees of Gherardesca	15
				Lord Aberdeen's Garter	15
				The Broken Jar	16
				ILLUSTRATIONS—	
				The Sisters, by Sir Thos. Lawrence	1
				The Cantiniere	4
				Our Soldiers carrying Supplies from Balaklava to the Camp	4
				The Sister of Charity	5
				The Caverns of Inkerman	5
				Enfants Perdus	8
				Fruit, by G. Lance	8
				Lecture at the Hall of the Law Society	9
				The Bird-Trap, by G. Smith	9
				Japanese and Savres Vases	12
				General Sir De Lacy Evans	12
				A Winter Afternoon, by Branwhite	13
				Viscount Palmerston	13
				The Broken Jar	16

Vol. I.—No. 1.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

[Price 6d.]



SCHOOLS OF ART. NO. I. THE SISTERS, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—(See Page 14.)

PEN AND PENCIL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

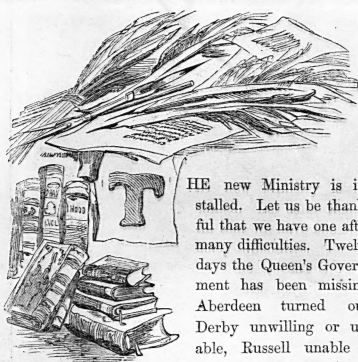
Our opening address may be very brief. Our first number may stand in place of a programme; and the only promise we would make, is that we shall endeavour always to improve. We intend to earn success, and, if successful, to avoid the too usual carelessness of triumph.

The journalist is an historian. His story and his illustrations should be authentic and well considered, and his comments unbiassed and dispassionate. We do not enter lightly upon our task, and no consideration of mere gain shall lure us from the more honourable course. What else we might wish to say is better said by one whose name has weight. We may well be proud of Mr. LANDOR's hearty friendliness, and we can have no hesitation in accepting his wise advice.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PEN AND PENCIL."

SIR, It will give me the highest pleasure I lately have received from my literary works, if a man of your pure and independent mind should communicate to others any gratification or information from what I may offer to your *Pen and Pencil*. Little it must necessarily be. Politics, of late, have chiefly occupied my time and attention. Doubtful as a few may be whether they excel the rest of the world in wit, very few, if any, are they who distrust their superiority in judgment, and especially in their judgment on political affairs. On friendly terms with several of eminence in all parties, I belong to none. My opinions are said to be Republican: so they are; but I am a Conservative in regard to *form*, and am contented with our English one: in regard to *spirit*, I would let foul air out, and pure air in. Reprimanded I certainly must be; by some because they are old, and by others because they are young. However, if my presumption is pardonable in the unexampled step of offering advice to an editor, I would recommend that general instruction be the basis of your work; and that, rather than try to set straight and upright the distorted by a strong shove of the shoulder, you take the ductile by the hand.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



THE new Ministry is installed. Let us be thankful that we have one after many difficulties. Twelve days the Queen's Government has been missing. Aberdeen turned out, Derby unwilling or unable, Russell unable if willing. Palmerston is our only man. The only man, that is to say, for Premier. The ministerial changes are announced as we are going to press. Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and the Duke of Newcastle go out. Lord Panmure, formerly Fox Maule, very useful as a Whig, and whose "interrupted health" very properly makes him hesitate at taking office, is to be Secretary of State for War, the post of Secretary at War lately held by Mr. Sidney Herbert being (it is rumoured) abolished; and a parliamentary Under Secretaryship for the War Department, created, probably for Mr. Layard, who, not well-appreciated by Lord John, is said to have become a thorough Palmerstonian. Let him be thorough in the duties of his office, and none need ask other questions. But the use of my Lord Panmure's interrupted health, somewhat hazily flitting between a War Premier and an active War Secretary, is not very obvious. Is it only the etiquette of having a lord at the head? These are the important changes. For the less important Mr. Sidney Herbert is to be Home Secretary; Earl Granville, President of the Council, *vice* Lord John;

Viscount Canning, Postmaster-General; and Lord Lansdowne will lend his weight to the Cabinet without incurring the responsibility of office. Earl Grey does not come in, for all the recommendation of the *Times*. Asked, as if for form's sake, he is dropped by every one, like a live coal too hot for holding. Let us be thankful, we again say, that we have a Ministry, and that a War Ministry; and let us forgive the worst antecedents of any man so long as he does his duty in the present emergency.

For the accounts from the seat of war, notwithstanding some alleviations, are but miserable. Never was more need of promptest action. Who will win himself immortal fame by saving the wreck of our grand army, by leading this people with honour through the war? New hospitals are being built—thirteen supposed to be enough for the present, though Dr. Hall reckons one-half of our "effective" force as *unfit for duty*; and we are told of men daily coming in, not newly attacked, but with "chronic disease firmly rooted in their broken constitutions." Even allowing for exaggeration, it is but too dark a picture. How welcome a relief the vision of Miss Nightingale, like a true Sister of Charity, "when all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrated sick," gliding quietly along the corridors, "with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds."

The desperate state of our army and the Ministerial crisis—these are the most important matters of the week. Other occurrences may be summed up briefly. M. Drouyn de Lhuys has given Prussia another chance of joining the allies; but that statesman's manifesto might as well have gone direct to St. Petersburg, for Prussia must send there for orders. General Evans has been warmly thanked by Parliament for his gallantry in the Crimea; and testy old Napier, at a Lord Mayor's dinner, has explained his Baltic campaign, roundly charging the late Ministry with ill-treating him. The adage, "*De mortuis*," does not avail here: for the First Lord of the Admiralty, whom he assails as chief culprit, remains in office. Lord Cardigan, at the same dinner, recounted to applauding auditors his daring charge at Balaklava. Sir Benjamin Hall has taken occasion to read a very proper lesson to a deputation of "surveyors and others," who waited upon him to plead for compensation for the abolition of their offices under the new Sanitary Improvement Bill. No such clause is at present in the bill.

We were well nigh forgetting two most momentous items in the week's news; the admission of Lord Aberdeen into the most noble order of the Garter, whether as a reward for his services, or as a compensation for his removal, does not appear; and the somewhat tardy announcement of the blockade of the Black Sea.

Has not the twelve days' interregnum been a sufficient hindrance to the public business? It would seem not; for another delay must intervene before the new Ministers can begin their work. It is necessary for Lord Palmerston to vacate his seat in Parliament, and to be re-elected by his excellent constituents and friends at Tiverton; that form must be duly gone through. Meanwhile the House will sit from day to day as usual, but proceed with no business of any consequence. On Friday week we may expect that the new Premier will be in his place, unless Tiverton interpose objections.

THE NEW CABINET.

(From the *Globe*.)

First Lord of the Treasury	Viscount Palmerston.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Cranworth.
President of the Council	Earl Granville.
Privy Seal	Duke of Argyll.
Foreign Secretary	Earl of Clarendon.
Home Secretary	Right Hon. Sidney Herbert.
Colonial Secretary	Sir George Grey.
Minister at War	Lord Panmure.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Sir James Graham.
Public Works	Sir William Molesworth.
In the Cabinet, but without office	Marquis of Lansdowne.
President of the Board of Control	Sir Charles Wood.
Postmaster-General	Viscount Canning.
The Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland remain vacant.	



PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—MONDAY.

Their lordships met, but no business was transacted beyond the advancing several bills a stage.

An adjournment took place on the motion of the Earl of Aberdeen, who stated that Lord Palmerston was commissioned to form an administration.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MONDAY.

Admiral BEECHLEY, in reference to the confusion which continued to prevail in the shipping arrangements at Balaklava, read exculpatory statements from Admiral Lyons and the captains of several transports.

The American Fisheries bill was read a third time and passed.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL made a lengthened statement in reply to the speech of the Duke of Newcastle, on Friday. He said it appeared to him, at the close of last session, that the composition of the Government was not such as to inspire any great party enthusiasm, and frequent defeats of the Government took place in consequence. This would have induced him to resign at that period, but for the war. At the same time he felt that the conduct of the war was likely to be much affected by the personal character of the War Minister. The Duke of Newcastle complained that he (Lord John Russell) represented him as anxious to retain the War-office last year. He made that statement not on general rumour merely, but on the authority of a letter from Lord Aberdeen. As to his taking the office himself, he would have taken it if Lord Aberdeen had offered it to him; but he considered the office wholly alien to all his experience and habits of business. At the same time he did not think that a Prime Minister of the character and habits of Lord Aberdeen, and a War Minister of the character and habits of the Duke of Newcastle, were fitted to carry on the war with energy and efficiency. A more important statement was, that he had abandoned his opinions on the 16th of December. But it was to be remembered that he had from the first divided his proposition into two heads—the one was with respect to the consolidation of the offices, the other as to the person of the Minister. Now, with regard to the consolidation of the offices he had changed his views, chiefly on the opinion of Lord Panmure; but on the personal question he had never changed his mind at all, though, after what he had passed with Lord Aberdeen, he declined to bring it before the Cabinet. It was very likely he was in error on that point; that he ought to have brought the whole matter before the Cabinet, and if he were overruled, then and there to resign. He admitted that that was an error; but it would have been a still graver error—it would have been an error in morality, and without sound morality there could be no sound politics—if he had stood up and told the House to be satisfied with a state of things which did not satisfy himself. He went on to say that he was totally ignorant of the fact, since stated by the Duke of Newcastle, that that nobleman had, some days before the meeting of Parliament, placed his resignation in Lord Aberdeen's hands. That announcement was new to him, and he thought, as his resignation was based on the inefficiency of the duke, that the Earl of Aberdeen need not have been so hasty in accepting his resignation, but might have acquainted him with the duke's resignation, and consulted with him whether that might not alter the state of affairs. However, his resignation was accepted; and now, in answer to all the slanders that had lately been directed against himself, he had only to say, that if his past life did not refute them, he had no other answer to give. Referring then to his attempt to form a Government, the noble lord remarked that on Friday night he received the Queen's commands, but found insuperable obstacles in accomplishing the task. Speaking of the omissions complained of by Sir De Lacy Evans on Friday, Lord John expressed his regret that he had not done full justice to the exploits of the Second Division; but it would be remembered that he distinctly stated that he did not mean to give a minute account of the several battles, as that had already been done by the masterly hand of Lord Raglan. He trusted that, when it became the duty of a Minister of the Crown to propose votes of thanks for new successes, the heroism displayed by the army before Sebastopol, in the endurance of sufferings arising from the want of food, shelter, and clothing with fortitude, would be marked with a just measure of praise.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER reviewed the more prominent "facts" adduced by Lord John Russell, and disputed some of the inferences which the noble lord had drawn from them. He defended the Duke of Newcastle; and, as to what he himself had stated on a previous occasion in reference to his lordship's withdrawal from the Cabinet, he had nothing to retract or to explain.

Adjourned.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—TUESDAY.

After reading, for the second time, the North American Fisheries Bill (discussion reserved till the Committee), their lordships adjourned, on the motion of Lord Aberdeen, until the difficulties in the way of forming an Administration should have been "happily surmounted."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—TUESDAY.

In the House of Commons, the public business upon the paper having been postponed, on the motion for adjournment,

Mr. BENTINCK, adverting to the existing state of public affairs, the failure of repeated attempts to form an administration, and the difficulties encountered, according to rumour, by Lord Palmerston in his efforts to that end, arising from the determination of certain public men to insist upon the preponderance of their own party in the new Government, observed that this was not a state of things creditable to the country, and expressed a hope that some member of more weight than himself would call upon the House for such an expression of its opinion as would terminate this waste of valuable time and so fatal a delay.

Sir C. WOOD thought it was not fair or consistent with the usual practice of Parliament to seek an explanation upon such a matter from an *ad interim* Government.

Mr. WHITEHEAD and Mr. SCOTT justified the proceeding of Mr. Bentinck.

Mr. LABOUCHERE implored the House not to be led into an irregular discussion upon this subject. It might become the duty of the House, by an address to the Crown, to express its opinion that a speedy termination should be put to the present state of affairs if it lasted much longer; but, if the House did interfere, it should be in a manner consistent with its dignity, by regular motion.

Mr. MENZ considered that the country was in a very humiliating position, waiting day after day for two or three parties to adjust their own affairs.

Mr. MALINS wished to know whether at that moment there was any prospect of a Government being formed. It was impossible for the House to allow such a state of things to continue much longer, and there ought to be an address to her Majesty to put an end to it, unless Lord Palmerston announced that a Ministry was formed.

Mr. S. WORTLEY put it to the House whether it could be of any service to continue a conversation that would embarrass that noble lord and increase his difficulties.

Mr. ROEWECK, in reply to an allusion made to him, said he thought he was justified in postponing the nomination of the committee until the House knew who were to be the Government. He was sure that Lord Palmerston would find no insuperable difficulty in forming an Administration. He had only to say to those who created difficulties, "Stand aside; I will do for the country what it desires I should do, disregarding party and personal considerations." If he acted upon this principle, he would gain the confidence of the country.

Mr. BENTINCK said a few words in explanation, and the House then adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—WEDNESDAY.

On the motion of Mr. HATLEY, new writs were moved for Tiverton, in the room of Viscount Palmerston; and for South Wilts, in the room of Mr. Sidney Herbert.

The Public Libraries and Museums Bill was read a second time.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved, that the House resolve itself into a Committee of Supply, to vote a sum on account for the supplementary estimate for the Ordnance Department. He proposed to take a vote on account, to meet the exigencies of the public service, leaving a residue to be voted, which would afford an opportunity for discussion.

Sir H. WILLOUGHBY thought the proceeding irregular; and suggested whether, under the circumstances, it was competent for the House to go into supply, and vote a large sum on account.

Mr. WALFORD considered that, in the peculiar position of the Government, the House should not object to go into committee, and wait for explanations hereafter.

Sir C. WOOD said, it was not intended to bind any one by the vote, which was to meet the pressing demands of the public service. The proceeding was quite regular and in conformity with practice.

Some discussion then took place relative to the state of the hospitals at Scutari, which was brought under the notice of the House by Mr. STAFFORD. The deficiencies of every kind were, he said, increasing; and the deaths, on an average, forty daily, while 500 sick arrived weekly. He referred to the recent information given by the *Times*' correspondent on this subject, and warmly eulogised the conduct of Dr. McGrigor, who had just been appointed inspector of the transport ships.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that in the absence of any member connected with the War Department, he was not prepared with a satisfactory explanation. He could say, nevertheless, that arrangements had been made, and were making, for supplying the deficiencies at the hospitals, and the Government would receive any communications upon the subject from Mr. Stafford with readiness and thankfulness.

Mr. WHITEHEAD remarked upon the composure with which members of the Government spoke of the condition of our perishing army and of the horrors of the hospitals.

Colonel KNOX referred to a letter he had received from the camp, which described the sickness as most dreadful. "We are losing," the writer stated, "1000 a week, and the strength of the British army is not more than 11,000 men."

Colonel DUNNE did not believe that, of the 11,000 men, more than 2000 were fit to go into action.

Sir W. MOLESWORTH said that, undoubtedly, there was a degree of sickness and mortality in the army which all must deplore, but the hon. and gallant gentleman's figures were altogether incorrect. As to the Government having misstated the strength of the army in representing it at 30,000 men, he (Sir W. Molesworth) was perfectly ready to substantiate that computation by the official returns. The total number of men now under arms in the Crimea, of all ranks, and fit for military duty, including artillery, cavalry, engineers, and also, he believed, the naval auxiliary force, amounted to 30,000. He hoped the House would not now continue this discussion, because the responsible Ministers of the Crown could not be present.

The vote on account of the Ordnance Department was then proposed, and, after some discussion, agreed to.—Adjourned.

THE WAR;
AND THE STATE OF THE ARMY.

THE allied armies had been upwards of four months before Sebastopol at the date of the last letters from the Crimea. Altogether, the campaign has now endured nearly five months. The great expedition which left Varna and Balchick on the 10th, established itself unopposed on Russian soil on the 14th September, when

some 58,000 men, English, French, and Turks, landed near the Old Fort, a few miles south of Eupatoria. The first night the English troops slept without their tents—the beginning of that series of unnecessary privations which has led to such fatal results. It was not until the 19th that the allied army was prepared to march; and here again although the French and the Turks carried their tents, it is remarkable that the want of an organized transport corps, a wagon train in fact, compelled Lord Raglan to re-ship his tents, and nearly the whole of the baggage, taking with him only the guns and absolute necessities for feeding the men. On the 20th the army marched with the certainty of finding the enemy in an entrenched position on the heights of the Alma, as the steamers had already reconnoitred their position from the coast. The Russian army held a range of steep hills, rising from the left bank of the Alma, in some parts precipitously, in others with a more gradual ascent. The Russian right was heavily entrenched, the centre was protected by the cliffs in front, and the left by the rough nature of the ground. Early in the forenoon, the light steamers ran close in near the mouth of the river, and, shelling the heights, drove the enemy away. The allies advanced to the scene of action about midday. The French, headed by General Bosquet and General Canrobert, crossed the river, climbed the cliffs, and turned the Russian left. They were hard pressed, however, and it was at the earnest solicitation of Marshal St. Arnaud that Lord Raglan began to assail the Russian right, before the left had been sufficiently overpowered. But directing the British line to advance, in about two hours the formidable Russian position was entirely won, and Prince Menschikoff driven back upon Sebastopol. The allies remained two days on the field, scouring the wounded; and on the 23rd they passed the Katcha; and on the next day arrived on the Belbek. It was now found that the original plan of assailing Sebastopol from the north was impracticable; and turning to the left, the army marched up the valley of the Belbek, halted there one night, and on the next day, by a flank movement, turned the head of the Sebastopol creek, and directed their course to Balaklava, which, on the 26th, they entered almost without opposition, making it the base of their future operations. The French marched up to the heights above Sebastopol, and took possession of the bays in the Chersonesus, to the west of the town.

In order to counteract this new plan of the allies, the Russians sunk several of their men-of-war off the harbour of Sebastopol, and threw up solid earthwork defences around the south side of the town. The allied generals, having missed the first energy of victory, came to the conclusion that the place could not be taken by assault; and it therefore became necessary to bombard and approach it in the usual form. The batteries were not opened until the 17th of October, when the fleet attacked the forts, and the guns in the trenches fired upon the earthworks of the enemy. The ships were beaten off with loss; the fire of the batteries failed to silence that of the Russians—the bombardment did not succeed. Meanwhile the enemy had been reinforced, and on the 25th October, he attempted to besiege Balaklava, but was beaten off by the cavalry and the ninety-third regiment. It was on this day that the Turks, after a brief conflict, fled from the advanced redoubts, and that 670 British Light Horse charged upon the Russian army in battle array. On the 26th, a strong party from Sebastopol attacked the right of the British position above Inkerman, but were defeated by the second division under Sir de Lacy Evans. Ten days after, the Russians, reinforced by 40,000 men, made that tremendous attack upon the right flank, and fought all one day that bloody battle, now so

widely known as the battle of Inkerman—to be driven back, at least 40,000 men, with a loss of full 20,000 in killed and wounded, by 8000 English and 6000 French.

But now calamity began to befall our gallant band of heroes. On the 25th October the Russians took from us the best road from Balaklava to the camp. No other road had been made; and on the 14th November a fierce hurricane swept land and sea, destroying transports laden with powder and warm clothing; hurling away tents; converting the soil into mud, and the camp into a quagmire; killing the commissariat cattle, and breaking up the waggon. From this day began a want of food, of clothing, of shelter—a want of men, of new guns, of ammunition. Throughout December and January thousands of men arrived in the camp of the allies. The French army was largely augmented; it was well cared for; well fed; well sheltered; and not too hardly worked. On their side, therefore, new guns were got into position, new approaches made, new batteries erected; and, although exposed to constant sorties, yet they continued to draw every day still nearer to the place.

But on our side the roads, or rather tracks, up the heights were nearly impassable. The storm of November had decimated the beasts of the commissariat; no new roads had been made in the fine weather; no depôts had been established on the heights; no fresh animals reached the port; but, throughout December, large stores lay in Balaklava, and "could not" be got to the camp. The warm clothing was there; it could be only partially distributed; food—fresh and salt meat, vegetables, biscuit, and rum—was there, but could not be got to its destination; medical comforts came, but, as they were in the ships' holds, they went away again. The men were twenty-four hours on duty on the pickets, or in the trenches; standing in mud, saturated with mud; they lived, and slept, and died in mud. Ragged, without shelter, often without animal food, the half-starved and entirely soaked soldiers left the mud of the pickets and trenches for the mud of the tents; and, wrapping their wet blankets round them, they slept the sleep of deadly fatigue and death. The sick crowded the hospital tents; men died to the number of from 45 to 100 a day at the end of December and in the beginning of January; there were constantly 3000 or 4000 sick at Constantinople; and quite as many sick in the Crimea. Sometimes whole divisions were without food, except biscuit; sometimes without rum; always in great need of clothes and of shoes. In fact, it was found by the beginning of December that the whole organization for the supply of the army had broken down. Lord Raglan had recourse to the Zouaves to make a road to the cavalry quarters, and to the French ambulance corps to carry the sick from the heights to Balaklava; and at last our men wore the French uniform—borrowed great coats, falling the supply from home.

The cavalry no longer exists as a division. The light brigade never recovered the charge at Balaklava; the horses of the heavy brigade, picketed in the open air, standing in mud, rolling in mud, and eating from the mud, were at last taken, when the army was on the point of starvation, to carry provisions to the camp. Even the horses of the artillery were used to take up supplies, until the land within the British lines became encumbered with the unburied carcasses of horses that had fallen and died where they lay. The whole brigade of cavalry, so efficient on the 25th of October, has really ceased to exist.

In the absence of a proper wagon-train, the shot and shell have been carried up by Zouaves and Turks; while large fatigue parties from our own exhausted divisions walk the seven weary miles, between Balaklava and the camp, to carry up a scanty supply of provisions for their comrades.

When the snow of January followed the rains of December, there were huts for the men at Balaklava, but no means of getting them up to the camp; there were warm clothes at Balaklava, but they could only be had for the fetching; there was fuel at Balaklava; but a spell hung over all things—neither huts, clothes, nor fuel could be forwarded the last seven miles of their journey. The coffee was served out to the men green; they had to dry roots wherewith to roast it; and one correspondent says that the cantonments were literally strewn with green coffee. Here are a few statements, cut at random from recent correspondence:—

Lord Raglan has in all received 54,000 English troops. About that we have no doubt. But where are they now? Allowing the widest latitude, we have not more than 25,000 effective English soldiers in the Crimea, which leaves the trifling number of 29,000 still to be accounted for. Any one who has been out throughout the war, as I have, can but too easily account for these gallant fellows. Our men have been seen hobbling about in the trenches and the camps barefooted, and yet ankle-deep in snow. They could not get their frozen boots and shoes on their swollen feet. If the few horses we have are used to carry the huts, no ammunition will go up for the batteries, and the rations of the troops will be reduced still further; if, on the other hand, the shells and food go up, the huts can not. The authorities say it is not their fault, they did not make the roads (which they most certainly did not, although they should have done so); the commissariat say it is not theirs, as they have no horses. In short, every one says it is not their fault, though all admit there is a fault somewhere; and the poor soldiers in the end are the sufferers. Many thousands of fine coats, lined with fur and skins, of long boots, and of gloves, mits, and socks, have been served out to the men; but I know of regimental hospitals in the front where the sick men in wet maroon have only one blanket to lie upon at this very date, if the word of the regimental surgeons and the evidence of one's eyesight are to be believed. Menschikoff seems to have had good reason when he relied upon his three generals, January, February, and March. Our men would laugh at the weather if they were only

luted; but under tents, and

a heap of biscuit or corn-bags, pack-saddles, trusses of hay or of warm clothing, or fannies and gabions, thrown pell-mell on the shore. Now, one of

these downy bags that are on these always imbedded in the ground or mud, for you will, of course, not be so exacting as to expect a storehouse, maazine, or other such superfluities.

The things are *not* always landed. Often they can not be got out on account of shot or shell and gunpowder which are on the top of them, and which can not be landed because there is nobody to do it. Thus, for instance, warm clothing, arrowroot, and other medical comforts which, as most necessary, have been first stowed away in the vessel, perform half-a-dozen voyages to Varna, Stamboul, or other places, which sea voyages may improve the sherry, but not the warm clothing. The other day the *Golden Fleece* brought up several hundred sheepskin coats, but, somehow or other, without an invoice; of course, nobody would take charge of them under such circumstances, and so they were hung up in the rigging, instead of on the backs of the poor shivering fellows in the trenches. As the wretched Ambulance Corps is quite *hors de combat* in weather of this kind—as the men and horses are nearly all gone or unfit for duty, our sick are subjected to much misery in coming down from the camp to be put on board ship. But for the kindness of the French in lending us their excellent mule-litters many of our poor fellows would have died in their tents. Horses can not stand this work. As a newly-arrived and freshly-mounted officer was riding along one of the narrow paths to the camp he called out to a man who was toiling along with a sack of biscuit on his shoulders, the last of a long file similarly engaged, "Now, then, soldier, out of the way, if you please." The man turned his head round, and, with an expression I never shall forget, exclaimed, "Seyer, indeed! Fais, we're no sojers! we're only poor broken down old commissariat mules!" Out of a batch of 500 or 600 horses brought up here from Constantinople, 279 have died or have disappeared since the 16th of December. In fact, the commissariat consumes and uses up horseflesh at the rate of 100 head per week, and each of these animals costs on an average £5. The araba drivers from Roumelia and Bulgaria have disappeared likewise.

It must not be imagined that the supplies sent up are at all equal to the demand, or that there is any large proportion of our men provided with extra great-coats, or with anything more than their usual outer covering, and perhaps an extra blanket. The sick in the hospital marquees out on the bleak plains or upon the hill-tops suffer severely from the cold; and the snow blows into their very blankets. It has been found impossible, with all our resources, to get up a hut to the heights for the Rifles or Marines;

and the sick are exposed to the very violent winds which rage there, at an elevation which depresses the thermometer some 6° or 8° below its mean in Balaklava. It has been stated in Parliament that our medical department out here was so strong, that there was one medical officer for every 77 men on the strength of the forces. The Artillery and Sappers have not a medical officer to each 280 men of their strength. They mustered 4500 men, and to that force there is only one surgeon and 16 assistant-surgeons. The large artillery force of Lord Raglan's army has also been sent out without any surgeons, except one "for general duties."

would seem to be an attack upon the Russian line of communications; or at the worst a diversion of the troops entering the Crimea by Perekop. It still remains a question whether the allies will not be compelled even now to defeat the enemy in the field before they can attempt Sebastopol.

The letters from the camp published within the last few days present the same gloomy features of misery and privation, as those with which the public have been but too



THE CANTINIERE.



OUR SOLDIERS CARRYING SUPPLIES FROM BALAKLAVA TO THE CAMP.

In fact, every department in the army in the Crimea—staff, commissariat, transport, medical—all have broken down, except the regimental organization—the fighting department.

In one of the above quotations, it is stated that we have lost 29,000 men. Other correspondents speak variously; but it seems certain, that some of the regiments, the 7th and 63rd, have been reduced to nothing—the former mustering 14, the latter 7 men.

But while the letters teem with complaints and grievances, there is not the slightest sign of despondency. The men in the camp feel that they are there to do their duty, and take Sebastopol; the men in hospital are only anxious to get back "in time" for the assault. No matter how miserable the soldiers may be, the same spirit still pervades them, and they are ready to die at their posts without a murmur. Ought such men to be left so uncared for?

The military position is now regarded as secure. A long line of entrenchments protects Balaklava, runs along the rear, and turns the right flank of the British camp. The batteries have been pushed down close to the Russian intrenched line of earthworks. On their side the French, now estimated at 68,000 men, have supplied men for our trenches; and have carried their parallels down to within a few score yards of the garden and flagstaff batteries, erected at the southern angle of the town. The French and English lines are now armed with most powerful metal, including many mortars. The Russians keep up their spirits; repair and re-arm their defences; dash out in the night, surprise our advanced posts, kill the men in their sleep; penetrate into the trenches, to be driven out again with loss. The Russian army in the field has its outposts at Kamara, opposite to Balaklava, and on the Inkerman heights. The main army is cantoned between the Tchernaya and the Belbeck, and the cavalry have gone into quarters. A portion of the troops have been detached, it is thought, northward to watch the forces of the allies assembling at Eupatoria.

The object of this rendezvous

familiar. Brighter prospects seem now dawning upon our brave soldiers, but nothing can be well darker or more discouraging than the picture of camp-life given in the subjoined extracts.

An officer of the fourth division writes as follows:—

Before Sebastopol,
Jan. 15.

It is certainly dreadfully cold now; and fancy living in canvas tents with the snow a foot deep on the plain, and, of course, in drifts much deeper. The poor 63rd have at last almost disappeared, and we are to have the 18th up now to relieve them. The cavalry, to their great disgust, are now turned to the only possible use that can be found for them—namely, to bring up our food, though the cooking of it is a sad affair, there being very little fuel left. They also use the cavalry for ambulances, and a very ghastly procession of sick and dying men perched on gaunt horses goes away terribly often from up here; it is a great thing getting them away at all, for they never seem to recover in our hospital here. The survivors of a six mile jolt on a rough road may benefit from change of air, and, at any rate, more attention can be paid to those left behind. I must tell you an instance, while I think of it, of the clever way in which everything connected with the army is done at home as well as out here. We got up at last about 20 pairs of boots per company—a great want, as the men were in a wretched state, and they were all too small, and, except a very few pairs, utterly useless.

January 19.

A gentle thaw has set in. The health of the troops is much the same; they fade away quite quietly and patiently, dying at the rate of 100 per diem, independently of the sick, who go off to Balaklava or remain in hospital here.

A non-commissioned officer thus describes what is passing around him:—

Before Sebastopol,
Jan. 20.

May 1855 be more satisfactory to us than has been the gloomy termination of 1854! In the shape of news I can give you but little; for days together the whole affair appears to be slumbering. Then, generally about midnight, a furious cannonading match between the French and Russians will wake us up for about twenty minutes. Again the fire slackens, and again the monotonous boom, boom, boom, every hour or so is resumed.

Having now been 114 days within range, the whistle of a ball has lost its effect, indeed most dangerously near. The ear instantly detects French, English, or Russian shot, and of the last almost its course.

The sufferings of the troops are very great; death and disease on every side. Some of the regiments recently arrived, and principally composed of young men, are reported to be nearly *hors de combat*.

On every side are cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, rheumatism, catarrh, and scurvy. The army is covered with dirt, vermin, and rags.



THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

The Guards have been relieved in their outpost duties by the French, who are gradually extending their line towards Inkermann from our right attack; it is positively affirmed that our present effective strength does not exceed 12,000 men. There are constant sorties by the Russians on the French lines and pickets.

The surveys for the railway have been nearly completed, but the gradients are found to be heavier than Mr. Campbell expected; there is a rise of 630 feet from the head of the harbour of Balaklava to the outskirts of the camp at headquarters.

Sir George Brown is daily looked for by his division.

The *Times* correspondent, writing from Scutari, Jan. 25, continues the most melancholy account of the condition of the army in the Crimea, and also in the hospitals, both at Balaklava and Constantinople. He says that—

Dr. Hall has written to the Principal Medical Officer here, stating that there are 5000 men now in hospital at the camp, and that half the number still doing duty ought to be there also. We have yet from six weeks to two months of winter before us; and, heartrending as the result is, our troops appear marked out for an inevitable doom.

And in the latest letter, dated, Feb. 1—

In a former letter I had to point out how eight hospitals—six on shore and two afloat—were found inadequate to hold our sick. I then mentioned that Captain Gordon was constructing sheds in the square of the Barrack Hospital, which would afford room for a thousand more; but even this additional accommodation is far from sufficient. Instead of one, we are to have three hospitals at Kuluée, which will be capable of containing an aggregate of 1200 patients. Hospitals are also forthwith to be established at Smyrna, at Rhodes, and in another island of the Archipelago not decided on, so that in a short time we shall have three at Kuluée and four at Scutari for the treatment of the worst cases, and two afloat in the Golden Horn, one at Abydos, and three further south, for convalescents, making a total of 13 establishments, without counting Corfu and Malta, to which large numbers have already been sent.

The LATEST NEWS from Sebastopol is of the 29th of Jan., received through Warsaw. Nothing important had occurred.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

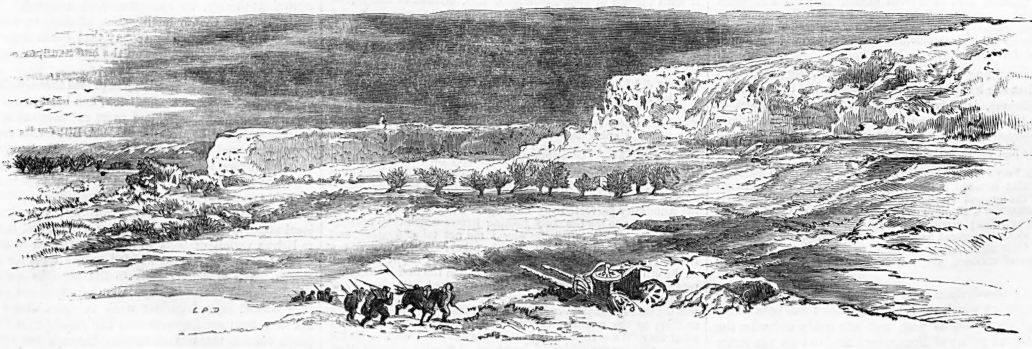
The new recruits who chiefly composed the drafts from the 13th Light Infantry and 92nd Highlanders, and who embarked from Cork on the 2nd inst., en route to the Crimea, were in general only lads of 17 years of age, and to all appearance totally unfit for encountering the hardships of military life. To send such reinforcements as these will be to incur additional loss of life, at immense cost to the country.

The corps of Sappers and Miners are, it is said, to be armed with Lancaster's "elliptical rifles." This will be great improvement, if not carried into effect "too late."

The report that additional cavalry regiments are to be sent to the Crimea is, at least, premature. The depôts, however, are actively engaged in purchasing horses and enlisting recruits.

In Tuesday's *Gazette*, no fewer than 40 non-commissioned officers received their appointments to cometics and ensigncies.

A letter from Malta, dated February 1st, stated that 24 English and French ships have passed on their way to the Crimea, with Generals Pélissier, Rivet, Lafont, and troops.



THE CAVERNS OF INKERMANN. (See page 14.)

THE ENFANS PERDUS.

Our engraving (page 8) represents a group of French soldiery, of those hardy volunteers, Chasseurs de Vincennes, or others, who seek to distinguish themselves by undertaking any desperate enterprise, and who are especially known as the *enfants perdus* of the French army. A striking description of their mode of warfare was recently given in a letter from the camp before Sebastopol. A score of these intrepid volunteers undertook the perilous duty of reconnoitring the Russian works, in doing which they had necessarily to pass the post of Russian soldiers. They laid down, stretching in front of them their muskets; they then dragged themselves along the ground to a line with them, repeating this movement until they reached their destination, keeping ready to start up and rush on any enemy that might come within their reach. In this way these brave fellows continued to pass between the Russian post and a ditch, in order to examine the enemy's works. Their leader, with five or six determined fellows, crossed this dangerous passage and went along the edge of the ditch. The remainder of the adventure is thus described:—

The night was dark as can be conceived. A man was seen at a few paces from the leader. Astonished at his appearance, the leader crawled gently towards him, and found him to be one of his own men. The officer continued to advance, when suddenly he was stopped by a trench, and he heard the sound of shovels and pickaxes, workmen talking, and guards walking with their feet in the water. What were they doing? They were preparing a mine. He marked the spot from which it started, and the direction it took. The rain continued falling, and the exploring party could not do anything further; the flash of a cannon might betray them, and the officer gave the signal for retreat; they followed the same route, which they could readily discover by the marks of their bodies on the muddy ground. They again passed near the post of the Russian soldiers. The latter, from the darkness, did not see that death was at a few paces in their rear. All of them might have been killed or taken prisoners, but the French party had other parts of the works to reconnoitre, and the success of the enterprise was more important than the destruction of ten Russian soldiers. After having finished their exploring, the officer and his party rejoined the men they had left behind them, and who remained lying in the mud. "Nothing new, *mes enfans*," whispers the officer. "Nothing," was the reply. "Then let us return," and the twenty brave men repassed our sentinels in the same silence.

M. DE LHUY'S CIRCULAR.

An important circular has been addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, on the part of the French Government, to the representatives of France at the minor courts of Germany. In this document, which is dated the 26th of January, he goes at length into the present relations of the cabinet of Berlin with Austria, and the rest of Germany, and the views he expresses on this important subject are marked by the same clearness and decision which have characterised all the state papers emanating from his pen. He traces the progress of events, and the negotiations resulting therefrom, from the period when the ambitious projects of Russia were first revealed, and insists strongly on the efforts made by France and England to come to an understanding with Germany, and make her, to a certain extent, the judge in the quarrel. He next alludes to the reluctance of Prussia to take a common part in these deliberations, which depends, not on "a question of diplomatic etiquette, but on an order of ideas which neither England, nor France, nor Austria can agree to." Reviewing the position of the two great German powers, he says that the "moral schism" between Austria and Prussia has compromised the union of Germany, which can only be re-established by the firmness and intelligence of the members of the Confederation.

In reference to the professed confidence of Prussia "in the sentiments which animate the cabinet of St. Petersburg," M. Drouyn de Lhuys thus forcibly illustrates the contradiction between "moral assurances and material facts," between "conjectures and certitudes," as affecting the question at issue:—

Is it not true that a considerable Russian army is ready to enter on a campaign in Transylvania? Is it not true that a mere incident menaces to place the Austrians and Russians at variance on the banks of the Pruth, or of the Lower Danube? Is it not true that the intercourse between the cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg is of the most delicate nature? Can it be said, in fact, that the opinion of the prompt re-establishment of peace is generally believed in? Is it even certain that the acceptance mentioned by Prince Gortschakoff is such as was at first supposed? To ask these questions is, in fact, to answer them, and at the same time to justify all the applications which Austria is sending in to her confederates.

In the remaining portion of the circular, the pretence of Prussia that she has not been kept informed of the course of the negotiations, is ably refuted; the true reason assigned, viz., that Prussia has placed herself out of the pale of them, and consequently has no right to complain of the position which she has voluntarily chosen.

"Prussia," says M. de Lhuys, "has not been willing to maintain herself in that forward position against the powers, and to advance on the ground on which France, England, and Austria placed themselves with more determination than she. It was her right to do so if she pleased, certainly; but, from the moment that she acted so, she separated herself from the others, and it was then assuredly their right not any longer to combine with her as to their plans of conduct, and not to inform her of their ulterior views."

This well-timed circular is calculated to sweep away the web of sophistry which the cabinet of Berlin has been weaving for so many months past, and admirably embodies the sentiments and policy of France and England on the entire question.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys has since addressed another despatch

to the Cabinet of Berlin, containing the important declaration that if Prussia insists on a separate treaty, France is ready to sign it, provided that it conveys the same obligations as the treaty of December 2nd. This declaration is, of course, understood to be made in the name of England likewise. If, therefore, Prussia still insists upon a separate treaty, claiming no modification to her particular advantage of the conditions of the alliance between Austria and the Western Powers, such treaty will be forthwith signed. The apparent object of M. de Lhuys, in this despatch, is to leave the Prussian Government without a shadow of an excuse for the temporising policy she has adopted.

THE BLACK SEA BLOCKADE.

After nearly a year's actual, if not active war, and nearly five months since we sat down to the siege of Sebastopol, the English and French Admirals have together agreed upon, and "immediately" notified, the blockade of the principal Russian ports of the Black Sea, and the necessary measures were at once taken by the Commanders of the Allied squadrons to render that blockade effective, even before the expiration of the delay granted to neutral vessels. The following is a textual copy of the order:—

In the name of the Governments of France and of Great Britain,

We, the undersigned, Commanders of the Allied forces in the Black Sea, conformable with instructions from our respective Governments,

Make known by the present, That, after the 1st of February, 1855, The ports of Akermann, Ovidiolejo, Odessa, all the ports situated between the points of Ochakow, and Kimborou, including those of Nikolsiew and of Cherson,

The mouths of the Bug and of the Dnieper, The ports situated between point Kimborou and Cape Tarkan, including the ports of the Gulf of Perekop,

The port of Sebastopol, The ports included between Cape Aia and the entrance of the Straits of Kertsch, notably those of Yalta, Alouchta, Soudak, Kaffa, or Theodosia,

The port of Kertsch, the Straits of Kertsch, the entrance of those Straits, and all the ports of the Sea of Azoff, including especially the ports of the Berdiansk, Taganrog, and Arabat.

The mouth of the Don, the ports of Anapa and Soudjak,—are placed in a state of strict blockade by suitable forces of France and England.

The ports of Eupatoria, Streletzka, Kamiesch, Kazatch, and Balaklava, are not included in the blockade until further notification.

It is also notified by this present, that all the measures authorised by the law of nations and by respective treaties between his Majesty the Emperor of the French, her Majesty the Queen of England, and different neutral Powers, shall be adopted and put in vigour against any vessel which might attempt to violate such blockade.

E. LYONS, Rear-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief of the British naval forces in the Black Sea.

BRUAT, Vice-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief of the French squadron in the Black Sea.

Port of Kamiesch, 15th Jan., 1855.

NAPIER AND CARDIGAN.

Sir Charles Napier and Lord Cardigan made their first speeches concerning the war on Tuesday, at the Mansion House, on occasion of the Lord Mayor's annual dinner. Each gave the story of his campaign.

Sir CHARLES NAPIER, whose health was the first drunk, began with marking the contrast between the proud position of his noble friend—returned after performing prodigies of valour—and his own unhappy situation, having scarcely performed any service at all, censured by the Government, and dismissed from his command. He had no doubt but it was expected of him to account for the little done by the magnificent Baltic Fleet. It was a magnificent fleet to a degree, though very badly manned, and worse disciplined. They managed, however, to get through the Baltic without pilots, without charts, and the officers all unacquainted with the Baltic navigation. The Russian fleet would not come out. Cronstadt was found to be impracticable; there was not depth of water for the ships, and the batteries were too strong. Bomarsund they took; and they could have taken it with the aid of 2000 French soldiers, instead of the 10,000 who were sent. The rest might have been better employed at Sebastopol. He was then ordered, in the very teeth of an adverse opinion expressed by a council of war, to attack Sweaborg. The admiral's own words must tell the rest.

What did I do? Why, I sent home to the Admiralty a clear and detailed account, stating my opinions, and what appliances were necessary in order to take Sweaborg. You will not expect me to state what those opinions were. Suffice it to say that I had given two separate opinions, one of which, if followed, I believed, was certain to insure success, and the other, certain to bring destruction on the fleet. What did the Admiralty then do? I mention this in order that there may be no mistake whatever, because if the Government have the least spirit about them they will immediately discharge me, and turn me out of the service. I say that the Admiralty perverted my language. They not only did that, but they sent to me the most glowing letters which they possibly could write. They asked me why I did not take Sweaborg, and why I did not do this, that, and the other? They received my letter, giving them an account of how Sweaborg might be taken, on the 4th of October, the very day on which the first intelligence reached England of the capture of Sebastopol. On the 8th of October—five days afterwards—the news arrived that Sebastopol was not taken; but the Admiralty had not the plain, straightforward dealing, or the honesty, to write to me and apologise. No; but what they did was this—they presented what I had written, giving them a plan for the taking of Sweaborg. I was not going to stand that. I am not the man to put up with an insult. I remonstrated most strongly, but after all my remonstrances they still persisted

in saying that I had led them astray. Well, what could I do? I was not going to be driven into all this, particularly as Sir J. Graham, during the whole period I was in the Baltic, had written to me admonishing me to beware of stone walls; telling me not to risk Her Majesty's fleet against them; that these stone walls were not to be trusted; and reminding me that when I was first known to be going out to the Baltic I had been accused by certain persons of want of discretion, but assuring me that now, in his opinion, I had proved myself a consummate commander-in-chief. After that came the most insulting and degrading letters to me ever addressed to an officer; and I mention this particularly in the hope that it will go forth to the world, and that Sir J. Graham will be prevented from ever sitting in the Administration again as First Lord of the Admiralty. I state it to the public, and I wish them to know that had I followed the advice of Sir J. Graham I should most inevitably have been left behind me in the Baltic. I will prove this before all the world; and if Sir J. Graham has one single spark of honour in him he will never again take his seat at the Admiralty until this matter is cleared up. On the other hand, I will say that I have no right to be ever employed again, and I ought, in fact, to be scratched off the *Navy List* if I am not telling the truth in what I now state. (Cheers.) I am taking the first opportunity of making this statement publicly, and I am perfectly ready to answer for my conduct before the House of Commons whenever they choose to call upon me to do so.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN felt it proper to refrain from comment on subjects now occupying the attention of Parliament. He confined himself almost to a brief relation of what he had himself been engaged in, of course dwelling upon the magnificent, but unhappy, charge of the Seven Hundred at Balaklava. Can we ever hear too much of that?

It was late in the afternoon when I received an order to attack the Russian forces posted in the valley, which consisted of a long line of guns directed in the direction of the cavalry. I received the order, and I obeyed it. I delivered that order myself to the brigade under my command. I ordered them to march. I ordered them to advance. I ordered them to attack the Russians in the valley; but I must say this, that on that occasion, it being my duty to give the order to my men, I did give it, though I deeply regretted it. I advanced down a gradual descent of more than three-quarters of a mile, with the batteries vomiting forth upon us shells and shot, round and grape, with one battery on our right flank and another on the left; and all the intermediate ground covered with the Russian rifles upon us; so that when we came to within a distance of fifty yards from the mouths of the artillery which had been hurling destruction upon us, we were, in fact, surrounded and encircled by a blaze of fire, in addition to the fire of the riflemen upon our flanks. As we ascended the hill the oblique fire of the artillery poured upon our rear; so that we had thus a strong fire upon our front, our flank, and our rear. We entered the battery—we went through the battery—the two leading regiments cutting down a great number of the Russian gunners in their onset. Seventy men succeeded in passing through the mass of Russian cavalry 3200 strong; and having broken through that mass, they went, according to our technical military expression, "threes about," and retired in the same manner, doing as much execution before them as they possibly could upon the enemy's cavalry. Upon our returning up the hill which we had descended in the attack, we had to run the same gauntlet and to incur the same risk from the flank fire of the Timoullars as we had encountered before. Numbers of our men were shot down—men and horses were killed, and many of the soldiers who had lost their horses were also shot down while endeavouring to escape. But what was the feeling and what the bearing of those brave men who returned to the position. (Here the noble and gallant officer's voice faltered, and he spoke with very evident emotion.) Of each of these regiments there returned but a small detachment, two-thirds of the men engaged having been destroyed; and those who survived having arrived at the summit of the hill, whence they had commenced the attack but a short time before, could not refrain from giving three ringing cheers of triumph and rejoicing at the exploit which they themselves had performed.

He concluded with a defence of the officers of the cavalry in general, declaring them to be the best body of officers in existence, careful of their men and beloved by them. No reform was needed in that department of the service.

METROPOLITAN LEGISLATION.

Under the head of "METROPOLITAN LEGISLATION," we shall, from time to time, direct the attention of our readers to such matters connected with our Local Institutions as may be of public importance. The great principles involved in what are termed local self-government and centralization will be freely and fairly discussed. We shall endeavour to discover whether the endless variety of local boards established for various purposes have produced the amount of good claimed for them, and whether there is so much to dread, in the present independent bodies being made responsible to a central authority, as has often been asserted. We shall probably find, that a modification of the two will lead to results infinitely superior to any that could flow from the exercise of unlimited power on the one hand, or endless subdivision on the other.

The Corporation of London has passed through the searching ordeal of a Royal Commission, and been found less perfect than many believed, and more extravagant and corrupt than could have been supposed. A Bill for its reformation is prepared and about to be presented to Parliament; when we shall review its several clauses and endeavour to help the public to a correct apprehension of its principles and their probable consequences.

Sir Benjamin Hall is praiseworthy at work with the local municipal lighting and paving boards, and has brought to light a variety of facts so grossly unjust as to startle and disgust even those most wedded to the existing system of things. We especially refer to the remarks addressed by Sir Benjamin Hall to a deputation of surveyors and others, who waited upon him last week to claim that a clause in his new Sanitary Improvement Bill should give them compensation for the loss of income through the abolition of their offices. They thanked him for his courtesy; but, as honest men, they must have felt terribly ashamed of the

position they occupied, and still more of some disgraceful disclosures rather unexpectedly made.

At the interview in question, the President of the Board of Health embraced the opportunity of mentioning a few startling facts in connection with the subject. He commenced with St. George the Martyr, Southwark. There was, said the president, one paving trust, the execution of which cost £484, or 552 per mile; another, in the Dover-road, at £44 per mile. In St. Margaret's and St. John's, Westminster, the rate was £50 per mile; in Shoreditch, the cost of superintendence for 456 yards, was £47; and in Clerkenwell, the aggregate of salaries amounted to £1200 a-year. In the Strand Union things were no better, but worse, the average cost of superintendence being at the rate of £90 per mile. Sir Benjamin then went through the remaining metropolitan parishes, showing that the cost of paving superintendence was hardly on a less monstrous scale. Marylebone was a bright exception, since the cost of managing and superintending fifty-four miles of road was not more than about £12 per mile. Lighting and cleansing boards, it appears, are not less expensively managed; and the ratepayers of Lambeth will, no doubt, be edified to learn that, in one district, the supervision of 363 lamps costs £291 per annum.

No stronger case for a consolidation of metropolitan paving boards could possibly be presented than in the plain statement of Sir Benjamin Hall, who very significantly assured the deputation that, at present, there was no compensation clause in the bill. After the revelations just made of the spoils which these gentlemen have been so long enjoying, we should think it doubtful whether any such clause will be introduced.

GENERAL DE LACY EVANS.

General De Lacy Evans, to whom the thanks of Parliament were given on Friday last, is a soldier of half-a-century's service. Forty-four years ago he was five times, in as many months, mentioned in despatches for having specially distinguished himself, not as a favoured member of the staff, but as a working soldier, who had been in ten battles and sieges, and numerous skirmishes; had ridden on horseback, without rest, 300 miles on exigent service; had had five horses killed under him; been three times wounded; and had led three or four desperate assaults in person, as desperate as any forlorn hope; and was still no more than a subaltern officer—only a friendless lieutenant.

He was three years in India from 1807; at the surrender of the Isle of Bourbon and capture of the Mauritius, 1809–10; in the retreat of Lord Wellington from Burgos, 1812 (wounded at the Hermeza); at the battle of Vittoria, siege of Pampeluna, and battle of the Pyrenees, 1813; at the investment of Bayonne, and the battle near Toulouse (twice wounded—two horses killed in action), 1814.

In 1814 he embarked with the army of Major-General Ross for the United States; was at the battle of Bladensburg, where he had two horses killed under him; led the assault upon Washington, and was, on the 12th of September following, at the attack on Baltimore, where he served as acting deputy-quarter-master-general of the army; was engaged at New Orleans from the arrival at Lake Borgue to the re-embarkation; was wounded in the action of December 25, 1814, and again in the battle of January 8.

Returning to England from America in April, 1815, after the capture of Mobile, he took part in the campaign of Waterloo, and was necessarily engaged in the Quartermaster-General's department on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June. He continued on the staff of the British army in Paris during three years.

His several promotions were, as captain (in a West India regiment), dated the 12th of January; major, the 11th of May; lieutenant-colonel, the 18th of June, 1815; colonel, the 10th of January, 1837; major-general, the 9th of November, 1846; colonel-in-chief of the 21st North British Fusiliers, the 29th of August, 1853; and lieutenant-general, the 20th of June, 1854.

In 1835 he was selected to raise a British Auxiliary Legion in aid of the constitutional cause in Spain. The first battle was fought on May 5, 1836, when the Legion under General Evans routed the insurgents.

On the 28th of the same month General Evans attacked and defeated his enemy. The enemy, reinforced, attacked him on the 6th of June, and was again defeated. On the 11th of July and the 14th of August, minor actions were fought with little result. On the 1st of October General Evans was attacked by a more formidable army: it was defeated. On the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of March, 1837, the Legion was engaged every day, and every day took new ground to the front. On the 16th, General Evans, who had only about 4000 effective English and 5000 Spaniards, was attacked by 18,000 of the *élite* of his enemy. He retreated about one mile, with a loss of 600 men, but saved every gun. This was the only retreat which occurred from the beginning to the end of the service.

From the 4th to the 17th of May following, his army, English and Spaniards, was almost daily engaged. On the 16th, Trun was invested, and carried by storm. This ended his Spanish campaign; and General Evans rested on his military laurels until the present war in the Crimea, where his distinguished services are too fresh in the reader's memory to need any detail.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Our new Premier, Lord Palmerston, the forlorn-hope of Britain, is, for the first time, head of an Administration, after nearly half-a-century of official service. He was born in 1784, of a father who showed his whig leanings by seconding the address under the Marquis of Rockingham; and he entered upon his public career at the early age of twenty-two. He came to his title in 1802, and, failing in an attempt on Cambridge, he contented himself with the representation of Bletchingly, and a lordship of the Admiralty, to which, under Tory auspices, he was appointed. Two years later, he became Secretary-at-War, a position he retained for nearly twenty years. During that long period, he rarely ventured out of the range of his own department. He was, however, a warm advocate of Catholic Emancipation, and, generally speaking, a supporter of the policy of Mr. Canning. When the latter, after the death of Lord Liverpool, received the royal command to form a ministry, Lord Palmerston still retaining his old post, was admitted to a seat in the Cabinet. The Wellington ministry followed, and Lord Palmerston had the credit of being dismissed by the Duke on account of supposed leanings to parliamentary reform, which, however, if they existed at all, must have been very faintly developed. We need not dwell on his career from the time when he began to take a more conspicuous part in political business, which may be dated from his speech on Portuguese affairs in 1829, in which he announced his famous doctrine of intervention, which he defined as intermeddling, but not actually interfering as regards foreign states—a doctrine to which, to do him justice, he has tenaciously adhered, and constantly acted upon, during his remarkable career. Henceforward he was destined for another long period of nearly twenty years to be identified mainly with the foreign policy of this country, to which he unquestionably gave a far more liberal impress in appearance, whatever the result, than was the case under the ultra-Tory administrations of earlier years. Lord Palmerston, as foreign minister, was the first to recognize the government of Louis Philippe, after the revolutionary outburst of 1830. With his diplomatic achievements in relation to Belgium and Holland, resulting in the independence of the former—and later, on behalf of constitutional government in Spain—the public are tolerably familiar; and not less so with his peculiar policy for the subversion of French influence in the Levant, which produced such angry feeling in the government of Louis Philippe. His encouragement of Italian and Sicilian liberalism, and subsequent desertion of both when the cloud of adversity came over it, has been the subject of severe, and perhaps not unjust, comment. But there can be no reasonable question of his sincerity when he made his memorable declaration in favour of the December *coup d'état* in 1848, which cost him his place in the cabinet. The Don Pacifico claim, so strangely and strenuously supported by Lord Palmerston, did not add much to his political reputation; and the same may be said of his *quasi* resignation in 1853, on the ground of his hostility to the new reform bill contemplated by Lord John Russell. His recent conduct as Secretary for the Home Department is too well known to require notice.

Our engraving is from an unpublished portrait, very handsomely lent to us by Messrs. Colnaghi.

FROM LONDON GAZETTE, FEB. 6.

BANKRUPTS.

David Keen, Hillingdon, brickmaker.
Isaac Potchery and William Symes, Nutshalling, Southampton, boarding-house keepers.
David Hallet, Herne-bay, shipowner.
James Fletcher Campbell, St. Peter's-lane, Cornhill, shipbroker.
George Kennedy Geyelin, late of Grafton-street East, white zinc manufacturer.
William Christopher Hardy, Hillingdon, plumber.
Charles Haselden, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, bookseller.
Edward Hall, Greenwich, licensed victualler.
John Brindley, Birmingham, hosier.
James Hurnham, Manchester, commission agent.

THE FUNDS AND THE MONEY MARKET.

The political difficulties which have arisen from the breaking up of the Aberdeen Ministry, caused the English funds to close at a decline on Monday. Consols were first quoted at 91½ to 1, and left off at 91½ to 1 for money, and at 91½ for the March account. Money was in good demand; but the general restrictions put upon all business transactions have tended to make the supply for investment more abundant in the City. Bank Stock, 210 to 212½; Reduced, 91½ to 1; New Three per Cent., 92½ to 1; Long Annuities, 4½; India Stock, 222 to 225; India Bonds, 11½ to 12½, premium; and Exchequer Bills, 6s. to 8s. premium.

The business done in Foreign Securities was limited, but prices were fairly maintained. Russian Fives were done at 102, and Turkish Bonds at 76½.

The Corn Market at Mark-lane on Monday was quiet, and prices were about the same as on the previous Monday.

The following Tables show the latest official quotations, up to the day of going to press, in the English and Foreign Funds, Railways, &c.

The English funds have been flat throughout the day, and Consols have been at lower rates than for some time past, quotations for transfer having been made at 90½; but the final closing was 91½ for money and the account.

The Foreign Stock Markets have also been dull; and the news from abroad is by no means of a satisfactory nature.

Railways have been dull and slightly lower, but scarcely any business has been doing. Those of a miscellaneous character have had a tendency to decline.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock	212	Long Annuities	4½
3 p. Ct. Reduced An.	91½	India Stock	222
5 p. Ct. Consols An.	91½	India Bonds, £1000	12 pm.
Do. for Account	91½	Do. under £1000	—
New 3 p. Ct. An.	—	Excheq. Bills, £1000, 2½ d.	8 to 5 pm.
New 2½ p. Ct. An.	—	Do. £200	—
5 p. Ct. An.	—	Exchequer Bonds	99½

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian 5 p. Ct.	—	Mexican 3 p. Ct.	20½
Belgian 4½ p. Ct.	92	Peruvian 4½ p. Ct.	—
Brazilian 5 p. Ct.	—	Do. 3 p. Ct.	—
Do. 4½ p. Ct.	93½	Portuguese 5 p. Ct.	—
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Ct.	—	Do. 4 p. Ct.	—
Chile 5 p. Ct.	—	Russian 3 p. Ct.	100
Do. 3 p. Ct.	—	Sardinian 5 p. Ct.	—
Danish 5 p. Ct.	—	Spanish 3 p. Ct.	88½
Do. 3 p. Ct.	—	Do. New Deferred	—
Dutch 2½ p. Ct.	62½	Do. Passive	—
Do. 4 p. Ct. Certif.	93½	Turkish 6 p. Ct.	76½
French Rentes 4½ p. Ct.	—	Swedish 4 p. Ct.	—
Do. 3 p. Ct.	—	Venezuelan 3½ p. Ct.	—

RAILWAYS, AND OTHER PUBLIC COMPANIES.

Shares	NAME.	Paid.	Prices.
£	BRITISH RAILWAYS.	£	
Stock	Aberdeen	100	20 to 21
do.	Bristol and Exeter	100	94 — 95
do.	Calcutta	100	85 — 86
do.	Eastern Counties	100	11½ — 11½
do.	Edinburgh and Glasgow	100	55 — 57
do.	Great Northern	100	89 — 90
do.	Great Southern and Western (Ireland)	100	90 — 92
do.	Great Western	100	66 — 68
do.	London and Blackwall	100	72 — 74
do.	London, Brighton, and South Coast	100	—
do.	London and North Western	100	100 — 101
do.	London and South Western	100	85 — 86
do.	Midland	100	69½ — 69½
do.	Norfolk	100	51 — 53
do.	North British	100	72 — 74
do.	North Eastern	100	76 — 77
do.	North London	100	51 — 53
do.	Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton	100	72 — 74
do.	Scottish Central	100	98 — 100
do.	South Eastern	100	58½ — 59½
do.	South Wales	100	—
do.	West London	100	6 — 7
do.	Wimbledon and Croydon	7½	—
Stock	York, Newcastle, and Berwick	100	76 — 77
do.	York, and North Midland	100	53½ — 54½

10	Antwerp and Rotterdam	all	61 — 62
20	Dutch Rhineish	all	82 — 83 dis.
20	Eastern of France	all	1 — 1½ pm.
5	East Indian Guaranteed 5 per cent.	all	100 — 101
5	Great Indian Peninsular	all	100 — 101
20	Great Central of France	all	124 — 125
20	Grand Trunk of Canada	all	17 — 17½
20	Great Western of Canada	all	12 — 12½
20	Great Luxembourg	all	164 — 165
10	Madras	all	34 — 34½
10	Northern of France	all	34 — 34½
20	Paris and Lyons	all	47 — 49
20	Paris and Orleans	all	47 — 49
20	Royal Danish	all	47 — 49
20	Southern of France	all	14 — 15
20	Western of Switzerland	all	—

40	Australasia	all	81 — 83
50	British North America	all	—
25	Chartered of Asia	all	1 — 1½ dis.
25	Chartered of India, Australia, and China	all	—
100	Colonial	all	—
100	Commercial of London	all	20 — 21
100	London Chartered of Australia	all	37½ — 38½
100	London and County	all	—
100	London Joint Stock	all	—
100	London and Westminster	all	—
100	New South Wales	all	30 — 35 x.d.
25	Oriental	all	37 — 39
25	Provincial of Ireland	all	—
25	Union of Australia	all	65 — 67 x.d.
25	Union of London	all	10 —

25	Australian Agricultural	all	31 — 32 x.d.
100	British American	all	118 — 122
100	Canada	all	118 — 122
10	Netherlands	all	5 — 5½
5	Red River	all	28 — 29
25	South Australian	all	34½ — 35½
100	Van Diemen's Land	all	12 — 13

500	Albion	all	18 — 19
500	Atlas	all	—
50	Eagle	all	—
Stock	Globe	all	4 127½
100	Guardian	all	45 — 46
100	Imperial Fire	all	330 — 335
100	Do. Life	all	10 — 11
Stock	Phoenix	all	17½
Stock	Royal Exchange	all	57½
Stock	Sun Fire	all	—
Stock	Do. Life	all	—

5	Crystal Palace	all	31 — 32
4	Crystal Palace of France	all	—
23	Electric Telegraph	all	15½ — 16½ x.d.
20	General Steam Navigation	all	14
10	General Screw Steam	all	14
1	Scottish Australian Investment	all	11½ — 12 x.d.
Stock	East and West India Docks	all	8½
do.	London do.	all	105½
do.	St. Katharine do.	all	90
do.	East London Waterworks	all	100
do.	Lambeth do.	all	100
61	West Middlesex	all	98

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the act 7th and 8th Victoria, c. 32, for the week ending on Saturday January 27th, 1855.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.			
Notes issued	£25,671,565	Government Debt	£11,015,100
		Other Securities	£2,984,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion	11,671,565
		Silver Bullion	—
	£25,671,565		£25,671,565

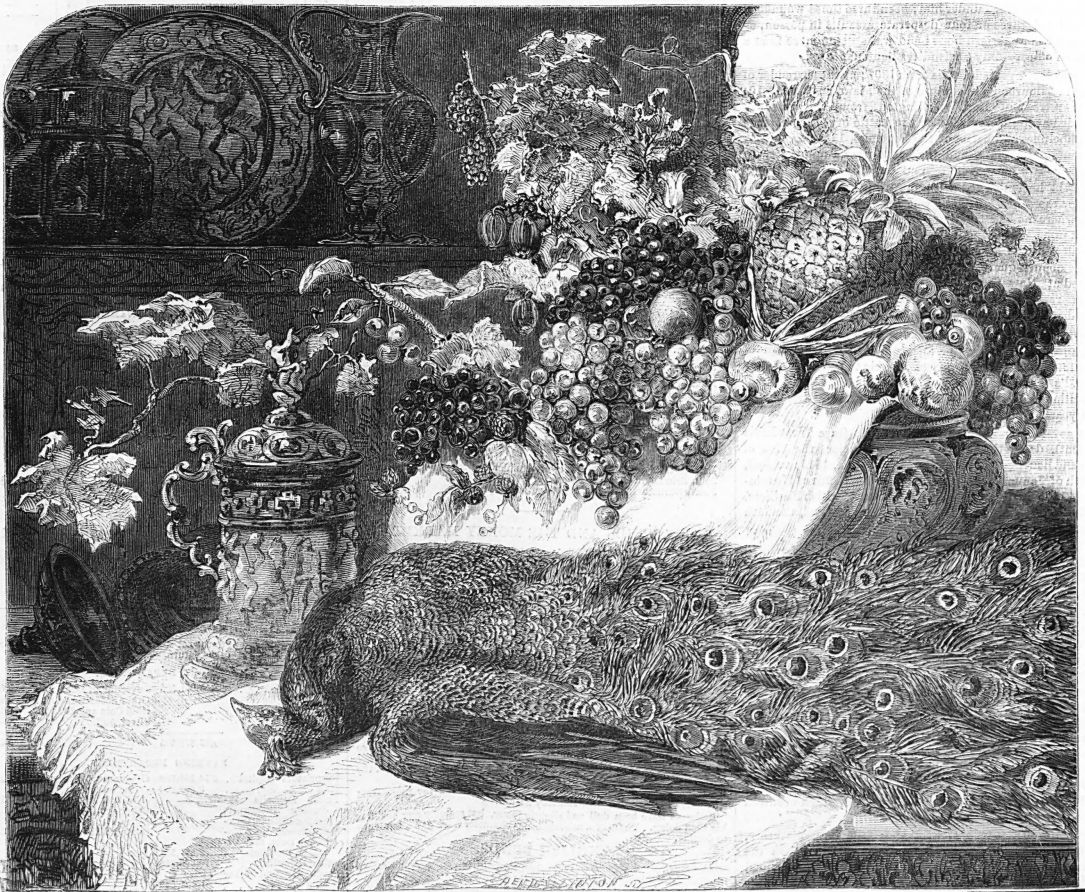
BANKING DEPARTMENT.			
Proprietors' Capital	£14,553,000	Government Securities	—
Reserve Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts)	£2,897,554	Other Securities	£11,528,652
Other Deposits	10,698,258	Weighted Annuity	14,320,311
Seven day and other Bills	1,003,540	Other Securities	5,885,590
	£32,420,668	Gold and Silver Coin	685,115

M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

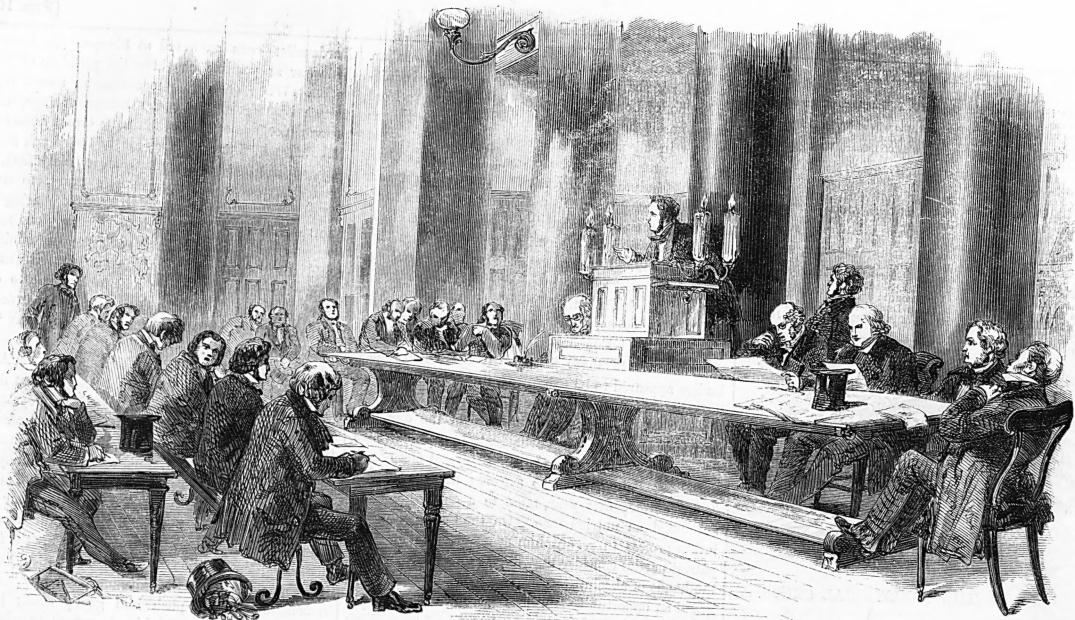
Dated the 1st day of Feb., 1855.



THE ENFANS PERDUS. (See page 7.)



FRUIT AND PEACOCK, BY G. LANCE, AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. (See page 14.)



LECTURE AT THE HALL OF THE LAW SOCIETY. (See page 14.)



THE BIRD-TRAP, BY G. SMITH, AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. (See page 14.)

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th inst., the wife of Captain J. T. Hamilton, of Monasterioris House, of a son.
On the 4th inst., at Alverton, Penzance, the wife of W. B. Dalby, Esq., Surgeon R.N., Thrapia Naval Hospital, of a daughter.
On the 5th inst., at 25, Ely-place, the wife of Edward Walwyn James, Esq., of a son.
On the 5th inst., at 8, Gloucester-gardens, Hyde-park, the wife of Lieut. Stopford, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 30th ult., at Soutari, Turkey, of fever, Alexander Struthers, M.D., Acting Assistant-Surgeon, late house surgeon in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, youngest son of the late Alexander Struthers, Esq., of Brucefield, Dumfries.
On the 3rd inst., at 1, Stanhope-street, Hyde-park-gardens, the Lady Rollo, widow of John, 8th Baron Rollo of Dumorub.
On the 3rd inst., at a residence, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, General the Hon. Thomas Edward Capel, aged 85.
On the 5th inst., at Paris, Lady Jenkinson, in her 76th year.
On the 23rd ult., at Madrid, Charles Lempriere, late Major in her Majesty's 53rd Regiment, and eldest son of F. R. Lempriere, Esq., Jersey.



THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

THE Ministerial crisis is over, and the whole of the story is before us, so far as we shall know it until we have its posthumous memoirs. Simply related, the tale is a curious illustration of the manners and customs of the English people.

In 1852, on the failure of Lord Derby's Government, it appeared that no party possessed that majority in the House of Commons which is usually held to warrant the acceptance of office. Hence the coalition of Whigs, Peelites, and Radicals—not, like most coalitions, to get some personal or factious advantage by the combination, but to carry on "the Queen's Government," when that duty seemed to have become impossible in the ordinary way. It was while this Government was in office that England at last "drifted" into that war towards which the stream had so long borne her. Trained for peace, the Cabinet accepted war reluctantly; the Premier never heartily gave his personal attention to war business. Some members of the Cabinet evidently desired to close a peace with Russia; the departments did not like to be put out of the jog-trot of peace; the Duke of Newcastle, who became war minister on the division of that office from the Colonial Office, had not sufficient personal will or power to coerce reluctant colleagues and monstrously neglectful subordinates. The disasters of the Crimea ensued; Lord John felt the discredit, and suggested re-arrangements of the war administration, but drew back on finding Lord Aberdeen's obstinate contentment with things as they were. Parliament meets for the real session on the 23rd of January; Mr. Roebuck gives his motion for inquiry; Lord John can not oppose it, and, regardless of the look of the thing, resigns. The motion is carried against the Ministry, 308 to 151, on the 25th, and the whole Ministry resigns.

The Coalition is broken up, Lord John has gone to the back bench, and the Queen has to "send for" a new premier. For whom? She takes the list of the majority, and finds there strongest in numbers the Derby party; and Lord Derby is sent for. But there is no Derby party in the country: the statesmen of his band were tried in office for a very short time, in easy peace; others will not join him, and he reports to the Queen that he has failed. Next in the majority, of which it formed one-third, the Queen finds Lord John's party; and Lord John is sent for. But the Peelites are outraged at his recent desertion of their chief: even some of his own friends consider him to have violated the etiquettes on which party men rely in their relations with each other; and he can not induce others to venture in office with him. The perplexed sovereign next turns to the minority, and there

descries Lord Palmerston. His position was peculiar. He had not shared the discredit of the war administration, nor of Lord John's sudden abandonment; Lord John himself had pointed him out as the best man; journals in all parts of the country were crying out for "Palmerston;" even board-men were in the streets, with "Palmerston for Premier!" He has repute for cleverness, energy, and liberality, but even he finds it difficult to make up a ministry. The elements of the coalition are divided by a wider repulsion than they were in 1852. Nevertheless, he is not the man to be daunted; he will make up his cabinet, though he fill it up with clerks from the War-office; and the Palmerston Cabinet exists.

Strange fact! England nearly had to go without a government! Stranger fact, when the usual party leaders appeared to be exhausted, there was no idea of "sending for" the popular leaders; for the plain reason that, on the leading subject of the day, the most popular men in Parliament have committed themselves to unpopular views. Strangest fact of all, that Lord Palmerston, who assumes the premiership in his seventy-first year, must to a great extent be accounted an untried man. On the Continent, absolutists profess to regard him as an incendiary; while patriot parties consider that he has always played into the hands of absolutists. But he never yet has had so grand an opportunity for showing what he can do with Europe for his field, its leading powers his auxiliaries, and all the power of England at his back. Such an opportunity is enough to draw three souls out of one weaver, to convert a diplomatist into a warrior, and make the adroit provoking balancer of power the stern exulting wielder of force. Can even opportunity help the worn man of seventy-one, or has this "practical" country no capable men of business outside the governing families?

THE POLICY OF THE WAR.

SEBASTOPOL ought to have been blockaded rather than besieged. Russia should, in the first instance, have been assailed in a more easily vulnerable part. Speaking after the trial, it may be said that we take an unfair advantage when we point to what ought to have been done. But we are opening no new argument. Months ago, that same view was taken, which experience now stamps with correctness; the expedition to the Crimea has become matter of history, a lesson for our remembrance; and high political and military authorities, abroad and at home, have confessed that the only justification of the expedition was the idea that Sebastopol could be much sooner won. An acknowledged military authority, Sir Howard Douglas, now endorses the at first scouted opinion of M. Kossuth. The expedition to the Crimea has been a blunder and a fault. The avowed object of the war was to drive back Russia across the Danube and the Pruth—to repel the invasion of Turkish territory: was it towards that object that we left Silistria unsecured, and that we flung the noblest army of England into the trenches of Sebastopol?

Of course, had we succeeded in reducing Sebastopol, at anything like a reasonable cost, the promoters of the expedition might have laughed at criticism. As it is, the critics are prevented from laughing because the calamitous result is far too serious for levity.

Doubtless there were reasons for the course pursued. Every day is making them plainer, and it is useful that they should be kept constantly in mind, not only that blame may be laid on the real delinquents, but also that we may take warning for the future. The chief reason for the Crimean mistake is that, however much may be said about the policy of the war, the late Government, which began the war, had no policy. Their course was ever decided, not by them, but for them. They were too anxious to avoid war, and their anxiety was too apparent. When war became inevitable they thought that Russia might yield before a display of "energy," and the tenor of their thought remained unaltered even when their first energetic parade—the approach of the combined fleets to the

Dardanelles—was answered at Sinope. To have as little war as possible has been the principle of their action. When one strong measure—an attack upon Odessa immediately after the Sinope outrage, or a prompt blockade of all Russian ports directly upon the declaration of war (the blockade of the Black Sea is only within the last few days an official fact), or the re-inforcement of Omer Pacha's army, to drive out the retreating Russians, instead of placing the Austrians in the Principalities—when any one really energetic action might have sufficed, our ministers could only pause, evidently lamenting that it was necessary to proceed further; and taking time to consider how, since obstinate Russia must be struck, it might be struck without too much damage to our "old friend," the Tzar.

And there was not merely the fear of war. A disinclination for war would be right enough; but fear is fatal. That, as much as the abominable system of routine, has been the cause of all the mal-administration of the campaign. Nay, how could there be other than mal-administration, or how could any system get reformed, with paralysis at the head of affairs? How should the war be carried on with vigour when there was no policy but the dread of war becoming too real? But beyond this fear of war lay the fear of disturbing the position of Europe. If the Tzar will insist on destroying the "balance of power," let us remonstrate; let us push him gently back; let us, come the worst, compel him to return to where he was; but let us on no account touch him in a vital part; let every sacrifice be made for the *status quo*. So argued our ministers, and, most careful to avoid that terrible question of nationalities, sought a doubtful alliance with Austria; and, even now, while our army daily wastes away, employ their energy in diplomatic arrangements that may any day be scattered to the winds.

Two things yet are wanting to bring the war to a successful issue—a man to conduct the war; and some principle as the ground of action.

NEGLECTED BUSINESS.

SESSION after session some record is made to remind us of duties unfulfilled; and this session the acting Ministers in Parliament have not failed to make the usual prestatement by which they are to be judged at the end. And yet we have other things to look after besides the war. We have a criminal population which is annually recruited through the ignorance of parents, and the helplessness of children whose only place of instruction is the street; and the Ordinary of Negate lays before the Court of Aldermen a report proving that the very means taken to correct the children, by imprisonment, makes them worse. A lad imprisoned for the offence of crying "sweep" in the streets, learns in prison how to employ his art in descending flues to rob a chapel. A boy taken up for throwing stones at a window, becomes, in the school to which he is introduced, a hardened criminal. These things we have been told until the very name of the subject grows tedious, and yet we go on, with a few reformatory schools, many schools of vice, called prisons, and general public education still a notice in the papers of the House of Commons. Both Lord John Russell and Sir John Pakington have rival measures on the subject; but how many a "bill" have we had!

A notice of inquiry into the system of promotion by purchase in the army is another of these memorandums; a bill is promised to improve the law of partnership; another to abolish the newspaper stamp. But there are many others besides, for the reform of drainage, the improvement of local administration in counties and towns, the better tenure of land in Ireland, the better control of railways, with a host beyond, not even mentioned this year. Not that we have settled all these questions; nor yet that the recording of them once more would pledge ministers or anybody else to settle them this year. Too much experience have we had that a "notice," or even the first reading of a bill does not bind the House, or the very member himself,

to proceed. The fact is that these "notices" are in great part not actual proofs of a fixed intention to conclude the subject, but are the signs of a guilty conscience. Ministers and Parliament are conscious that there is a great amount of work to be done; they have agreed that it should be done; they can not get the unfulfilled duty off their minds; so they give voice to troubled conscience in notices, or in debates. But this year, the war is the excuse for not dreaming of quite so many unaccomplished duties as usual.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAPTER OF THE GARTER.—The Queen held a chapter of the most noble Order of the Garter, on Wednesday, at Windsor Castle. The Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Ellesmere, and the Earl of Aberdeen, were duly elected Knights of the Garter, with the usual imposing ceremonies, and invested by the Queen with the garter, riband, and badge. The Earl of Aberdeen, by her Majesty's special command, retains the Order of the Thistle.

THE HEALTH OF MR. ROBUCK is represented by the *Sheffield Times* to be in a much better state than might be inferred from the reports on bringing forward his motion for inquiry into the state of the army before Sebastopol.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM is suffering from a painful disease, for which he has undergone a surgical operation, which was performed by Sir Benjamin Brodie.

SIR EDWARD BLAKENY retires from the command of the army in Ireland, to be succeeded by General Lord Seaton, who commanded the camp at Chobham in 1853.

POLICE FOR THE CRIMEA.—The metropolitan police have been invited to volunteer and form a transport corps in the Crimea. The body is to consist of four quartermasters-sergeants or superintendents, drivers, and corporals. There are to be 1400 drivers, at a pay each of 3s. per day, and 2s. 6d. each for the lowest class; clothing and rations in addition. The officers' emolument is to be £100 for an outfit, and £20 per day for 28 days to be added for field allowance beyond the regular pay. The chief command is offered to an inspector of the metropolitan police. His standing salary is 8s. 6d. per day. Pensions are also to be allowed to the men who may be engaged, in the event of their receiving wounds whilst on duty in the East. It is proposed to raise 800 second-class drivers, who are to be offered by non-commissioned officers.

FUEL AT THE CAMP.—A correspondent of a morning paper suggests, on the authority of Mr. Galton, the African traveller, that the hundreds of dead horses lying around the camp before Sebastopol, might be turned to account as a substitute for firewood. Mr. Galton states that the bones of an animal even freshly killed answer this purpose. During the Russian campaign of 1853, Moltke records that the troops suffered so much from cold, that the countries were ransacked for fuel. The skins of the horses would serve as additional night-covering.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE STOVES.—Two hundred and fifty of these, with 2000 boxes of Price's fuel, have been ordered for hospital use in the Crimea, and at Scutari and Smyrna.

INCREASE OF THE CAVALRY.—The cavalry regiments will be each augmented by eight troops of 15 rank and file each, including staff, 640 per regiment. Six of these troops will be despatched for service in the Crimea, while the remaining two will constitute a depot to train recruits and horses, so as to keep up the strength of the six troops on active service.

LOSS OF THE "HECLA."—Accounts from Gibraltar of the 26th ult. confirm the news of the stranding of Her Majesty's steam-ship "Hecla," which occurred two days previously. The crew was saved.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN is coming in for his share of public honours, consequent upon his return from the Crimea. At a special meeting of the Northampton Town Council, held last week, an address, highly eulogistic of his lordship, and expressly alluding to the Earl of Cardigan's battles, was unanimously agreed to be presented. Lord Cardigan's Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire tenantry have also agreed to similar addresses.

ADMIRAL DUNDAS.—The late commander-in-chief of the Black Sea fleet has arrived in town from Paris.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT has been appointed by the Bishop of London as a day on which his clergy may more especially direct the mind of their congregations towards intercession with Almighty God for the safety and success of our armies, and for the restoration of peace.

CIVIL HOSPITALS FOR THE ARMY.—The governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital have, with extreme liberality, placed 40 medical and 40 surgical beds at the free disposal of Government for the use of the sick and wounded from the Crimea. The authorities of St. Thomas's Hospital have also offered hospital accommodation to the Government.

THE FOREIGN LEGION is to assemble for drill and training at Heligoland, and Lieut. Lempière, with a detachment of Royal Sappers and Miners, has left Woolwich, to prepare for the accommodation of the recruits.

S. G. O., in the Times, again stirs the public pulse with his appeal for the expression of public indignation at the material crisis which threatens the subjects of Lord Raglan's incapacity. Is our pressiveness a symptom of the nation's decay? "That cool, calculating discretion which in common hours of trial bids the land be quiet, lest talking to those who steer the State's vessel should disturb them, is now treason. The worst feature of the worst democracy could show nothing worse, nothing more ominous than the passive submission of the subjects of a constitutional monarchy, for the sake of an aristocracy, to a tampering with every private principle, every public obligation."

LETTERS FROM PARIS speak of the formation of three corps d'armée—one for the Baltic, a corps of observation in the north of France, and a third corps for Austria. The Polytechnic School has been appealed to, to furnish a number of artillery officers and engineers.

THE PRUSSIAN Gazette, in a despatch from Warsaw, dated Feb. 5, states that an order has been received that all the Russian forces in the vicinity of Craoov, and on the Austrian frontier, should retreat with all despatch into the interior of the country.

The Russians are said to have fired on some Austrian merchant ships at Galatz.

RUSSIAN troops are ravaging the Dobrutscha, under the eyes of the Austrian General Coronini.

A TELEGRAPHIC despatch from Vienna, dated Thursday morning, states that the Grand Duke Michael is lying ill of ague at Cherson. The Grand Duke Nicholas is at Sebastopol. The Russian army is in want of supplies.

GENERAL SCHRAMM, as well as **MARSHAL MAGNAN**, are both spoken of to lead the corps d'armée preparing to move towards Germany. The passage through Prussia, it is thought, will be attempted.

SPANISH LIBERTY, through the mouth of Signor Olozaga, affirms "that the foundation of the legitimacy of Donna Isabella II. lies in the national sovereignty exercised by the declaration of the Cortes in 1835, which deprived Don Carlos of all his rights, and was sustained by the civil war, and proclaimed after the events of July." The text is plain enough.

CONVENTS OF NUNS IN SPAIN.—A decree is spoken of, to suppress all convents of nuns occupying themselves with instruction or works of benevolence.

M. SOULÉ has resigned his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid.

THE EARL OF ELGIN has been dining with the inhabitants of Dumfries. Provost Robertson, in proposing the chief toast, enumerated the great public services rendered by his lordship in Canada. He had found it "an insignificant province, and left it a great and growing colony."

PAUPERISM IN BIRMINGHAM.—The pressure of Irish paupers in Birmingham is exceedingly great, owing, in a great degree, to thousands of the working classes having been thrown out of employment from the late inclemency of the weather. The parish officers were besieged last week by thousands of applicants, and the excitement thereby occasioned was so great as to endanger the public peace.

THE GREENLAND SEAL FISHERY will receive thirty vessels from the east coast of Scotland during the month: there will be a throng of whalers for the winter fishery in Cumberland Straits.

INTERNATIONAL COMMERCIAL LAW.—At a special meeting of the Society of Arts, a few days since, the proposed congress (to be held in Paris during the coming Exhibition), upon the subject of the improvement of the international commercial law, was the subject of consideration. An interesting paper, by Mr. Leone Levi, on this important subject, was read, in which the expediency of assimilating the commercial laws of nations was ably advocated. The discussion which followed resulted in a resolution being passed approving the appointment of a committee to represent this country at the proposed congress.

TRANSMISSION OF NEWSPAPERS BY POST.—In reply to a recent application to the Stamp-office, it has been stated by the authorities that "there need be no limit to the age of any newspaper transmitted through the Post-office from any portion of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to another, if properly stamped, and sent beyond the London district."

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—Mr. Sotherton's bill to consolidate and amend the law relating to friendly societies repeals all further statutes, providing, however, for the continuance of societies existing under former acts. Three commissioners and three registrars are to be appointed for carrying out the purposes of the act.

EVANS v. ROBINSON.—In the Court of Exchequer, on Monday, the rule was made absolute for a new trial in the case of Evans v. Robinson for *crim. con.* Mr. Baron Parke expressed a decided opinion on the report of the learned judge, Mr. Justice Crowder, who tried the case, that the jury were greatly influenced to give a verdict for the defendant from their strong disapprobation of the employment of a detective officer (the ex-inspector Field) by the plaintiff.

THE METROPOLITAN COMMISSION OF SEWERS at its latest meeting on the 6th inst., resolved to postpone the question of the main drainage of the Metropolis north of the Thames until after the first Tuesday in April, up to which time plans are to be received. It was also affirmed by vote, that no scheme could at present be legally undertaken beyond the limits of the commission eastward, and that provision should be made in any future Bill for power to the Commissioners to take land for the purpose of works, upon which, as it falls, the ultimate successful carrying out of the vast drainage questions must mainly depend.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—Mr. B. Disraeli and Mr. W. M. Thackeray, it is rumoured, will be the two candidates for the office of honorary president of the associate societies of this university. Mr. Disraeli, it is anticipated, will be chosen.

PREMIUMS OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Mr. Olivera, M.P., has placed at the disposal of the council of the Society of Arts two gold medals of the value of £25 each, or money to the same amount, for special premiums. These the council has determined to award.—1. For the best and finest flax thread, spun by machinery, suitable for lace-making. 2. For the best Essay on the means of Preventing the Nuisance of Smoke. Mr. S. W. Herbert, through the society, has offered £5 for a competition, the object of which is to improve printing paper-hangings, by cylinder machinery, to which the council has added the society's medal. But, equal in importance to either of these, is the offer of the society's medal for a school microscope, to be sold to the public at a price not exceeding 10s. 6d.; and also for a teacher's, or student's microscope, at a price not exceeding £3 3s.

ROMAN REMAINS have been discovered in excavating for a new sewer at Basil, in the track of the old Roman road, the Via Julia. Among the antiquities found are a coin of Commodus, a fine specimen of the first brass; a portion of a broken flue-tile, the rim of a vessel of blackish brown colour, and several pieces of Samian pottery of different patterns. One piece appears to have been carefully drilled through, and stopped up with a leaden plug.

OUR GOSSIP.

Wherever the public resort, in the clubs, in the taverns, on 'Change, in the market-places, over the counter, in the trains, in the omnibuses, at the fire-side, in the very houses of Parliament, politic as most of the members are, having something to gain or lose by their opinions, but one point of conversation is prominent, and that is the recall of Lord Raglan. Mark, too, all agree that the Government may be forced, by the pressure from Scotland-yard, or parolical beatles, if the Minister of War be true, strong, and fearless. Cruel as the suggestion is, more than once it has been thought to place the British contingent in the Crimea, dwindled now to 12,000 men, under the French commander. Humiliation sufficient to wipe out Waterloo!

Lord Look-on, as they have nick-named the commander of the cavalry in the Crimea, is to come home; there are scored against him, "the disaster at Balaklava—the escape of the Russian artillery at the Alma—the escape of the cavalry division surprised at Mackenzie's farm—and his loss of entrapping a strong Russian reconnaissance the day before the Balaklava error."

The honourable amende offered, in the shape of honorary membership, by the Senior United Service Club to Lord Cardigan, whom they twice previously rejected, will not be accepted.

Despite all our disasters, the city rather plumes itself on the contraction of trade and the discreet check to large mercantile engagements, consequent on the war; there is a diminished demand for money in the discount market, and the supply is sufficient for the Stock Exchange. From the Manchester and Midland districts, report proclaims Manchester inactive—Nottingham hesitating—Nottingham limited—Liverpool busy, though the Irish-linen markets are bad.

The Foreign legion is still but a name—there is no information for those desirous to enter its ranks; whereas France circulates decrees in the Swiss journals, especially in the *Journal de Genève*, of what she wants and how she will require such an aid. Those who distinguish themselves under her flag will receive land grants in Algeria.

Austrian loyalty is to be gratified by a peal of 101 cannon, if the Empress bears a son; twenty shots are to suffice if 'tis only a princess.

Virtue rejoices to have something more than its own reward. The silver and bronze medals, instituted by Sir Neil Campbell for the 79th Highlanders, are preserved as heir-looms. Committees of sergeants and privates scrutinised severely all claims, and the honour was forfeited for insubordination, drunkenness, or neglect of duty. 'Tis worth while recording a *mot* of Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava, who replied to the question respecting the sex of his Highlanders, that "they were the wives of the men who rode the heavy horses."

The town talks, I repeat, but little save on one subject. Soyer wants to be chief cook at the Scutari hospital. We can spare him, though we applaud his benevolent offer.—Mr. Thackeray is to afford the Olympic Theatre a comedy: twenty years ago he furnished John Barnett with the libretto of the *Mountain Sylph*, and has written burlesque on his day; my belief is, that he can well command dramatic incident.—There is to be no season of French plays in King-street; Rose Cherri can't or won't come.—Mr. Mitchell has taken to the serious business of Exeter Hall, where Mrs. Kemble declaims: the reading of a play, even when illustrated musically, best suits a chamber audience.—The Cologne choir will re-appear, and are sure of their accustomed triumph.—Madlle. Wagner is, after all, to be visible, at a great favour, in Mr. Gye's "galaxy of Art," as George Robins would have called it.—Herr Wagner, though a metaphysical musician, will make a fiasco of the Old Philharmonic: and the New Philharmonic utter a sort of Maw-worm appeal to the public, by proclaiming that all the proceeds (of course after paying expenses) will be given to London charities.—There is to be a strong ballet at Covent Garden; and the Spanish dancers return, with a reinforcement, to the Haymarket in the spring.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SISTERS. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, on our first page we give as the beginning of a series of fine engravings, illustrative of the various Schools of Art, British and Foreign. Lawrence is a fair representative of the English school in more than mere handling. He acquired sufficient mastery of drawing and his materials to catch some of the most pleasing forms, especially in women and children, and the picture from which our engraving is taken is one of the most favourable specimens of his powers. But his exclusive devotion to portraiture expresses a very common phase of the English character, still more for the "gentle air which he managed to give. The model of an English gentleman was once pronounced by a high professor, instead of being a gentleman, to consist in presenting "nothing remarkable;" and Lawrence, while he caught individual likeness, happily merged the individual peculiarities in the one air of "quality." He gratified the ambition of all, by raising each sinner a class or two in the scale of society. Hence Lawrence reflects the morale of his countrymen, as well as presents in his own works that painter who was most popular among them while he lived—more popular even than the looking-glass, for that cannot soften or heighten at discretion.

One of the very finest samples of English engraving is the copy of this picture by Dox; published in 1832, under the title of "Nature."

THE CAVERNS OF INKERMANN (at page 5), taken from the extreme right of the English position, show the nature of those excavations from which the place derives its name—Inkermann, or the City of Caverns. These excavations are disposed in rows, and in many instances are so close to each other that the walls of rock between them are not above a few inches thick.

LECTURE AT THE HALL OF THE LAW SOCIETY.—By the courtesy of Mr. Maughan, the Secretary of the Law Society, we are enabled to give an engraving (page 9) of the delivery of one of the lectures now in course at the society's hall in Chancery Lane. The lectures are given every Monday and Friday evenings up to the end of March next; and the whole series, begun in November last, comprises three courses, by Mr. Shee, on Equity and Bankruptcy; by Mr. Baggallay, on Conveyancing; and by Mr. Pollock, on Common Law and Criminal Law.

Our other illustrations need no special description.



JAPANESE PORCELAIN AND SEVRES VASES, FROM THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

During the last three years a collection of works of arts has been in process of formation at Marlborough House, the basis of which consisted of a selection from the most notable objects of a decorative character contributed to the Great Exhibition of 1851, Government having granted £5000 for the purchase of specimens therefrom with a view to the foundation of a National Museum of Ornamental Art.

A new object in connexion with this museum is now in preparation. A selection is to be made from every section of its contents for temporary exhibition provincial school of Art. The specimens are all to be numbered and labelled with descriptions of the objects, date, &c. They will also be accompanied with a descriptive catalogue, and proper officers will be sent in charge. The collection will comprise about 400 objects in the section of metal work, personal jewellery, gold and silver plate, Damasquerie, niello work—cast, repoussé, chasing, and other technical processes.

The section of Pottery will comprise an entire historic series, commencing with ancient Greek and Etruscan wares; and ending with the most recent decorative work from the Staffordshire potteries; this series will contain a Japanese porcelain vase and four of the finest old Sevres vases, of the value of £3000 or £4000, lent by her Majesty. (See illustration.)

Other branches will consist of sculpture in wood and ivory, lacquered work, antique and Venetian glass vessels, ancient painted glass, Limoges enamels, Palissy ware, coins, medals, and gems; textile fabrics—chiefly Oriental gold and silver tissues; a series of original drawings of the most remarkable Oriental decorative works sent to the Exhibition of 1851; an extensive collection of photographs, especially of furniture and ornamental cabinet work, comprising the principal decorative furniture belonging to the Crown, at Windsor and Buckingham Palace; electrotype copies of the celebrated "Cellini" shield, at Windsor Castle; the "Vechte" shield, and the Augsburg shield.

Birmingham has been the first town selected in which to open the Exhibition, and the opening will take place the latter end of this month, when a collection of objects contributed by noblemen and gentlemen in that locality, will be added. After it has remained in Birmingham about a month it will be removed to some other town, and in this manner will make a tour of the principal towns in England.

We shall keep our readers informed of the progress of this most interesting Exhibition.

EXHIBITIONS.

PANORAMAS.—LEICESTER SQUARE.—Mr. Burford has painted his Battle of the Alma from accurate drawings, and the figures introduced are the work of his able coadjutor, Mr. H. C. Selous. The point chosen by the artist from which he takes his view, is the sloping ground directly in front of the principal redoubt, at the precise moment when the three battalions of Guards, overcoming all obstacles, are victoriously driving the Russians before them and capturing their works. To depict the occurrences of any precise moment, however, in such a battle, is next to impossible, from

the nature of the subject, therefore a few pardonable anachronisms have been committed in order to present the main features.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Mont Blanc approached through the new route by Mr. Albert Smith, is very reasonable this time of the year, and although it makes one shiver to look at it, the spectator eventually becomes warmed by the clear descriptions and anecdotes of the illustrator. The paintings look very fresh and life-like, and Mr. Smith displays his wonted humour in the songs and point in the description.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—In addition to the usual attractions, Miss Glyn has been giving dramatic readings on Thursday evenings. Her second appearance was on Thursday evening last, when *Othello* was the play selected.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—REGENT STREET.—All who are interested in the war (and who is not?) should pay a visit to this Diorama, illustrative of the struggle in the Crimea. The Diorama now boasts the additional attraction of the Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, beautifully painted by the Messrs. Danson. Not the least attractive portion of the Exhibition is the Pictorial Map of Sebastopol, accompanied by a lecture by Mr. Stoetqueler, who has the happy art of conveying useful information with telling effect.

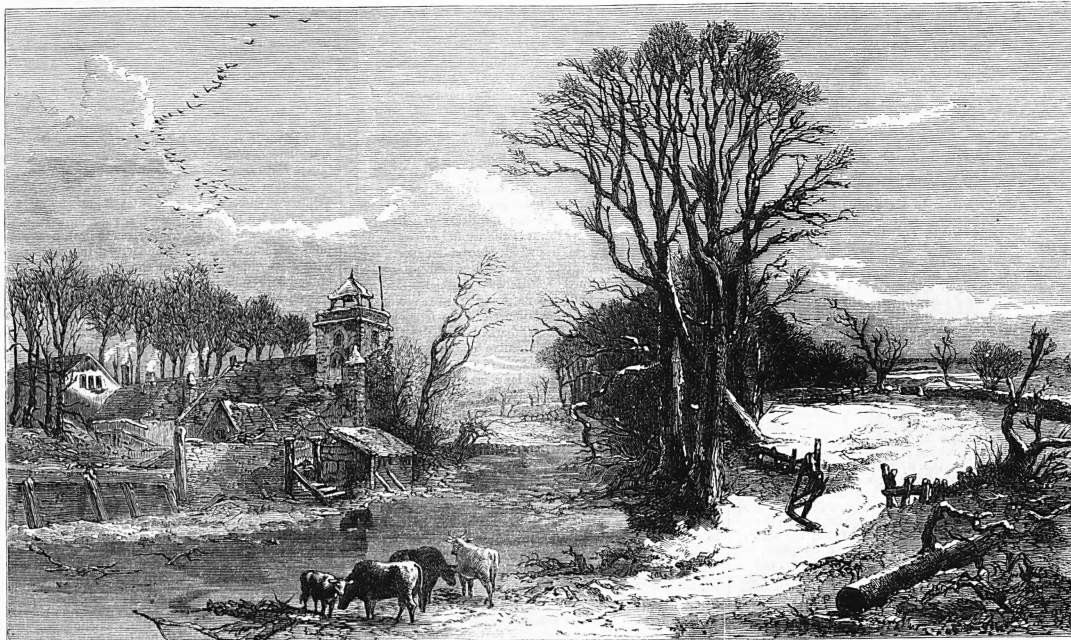
ROYAL PANOPTICON OF SCIENCE AND ART.—Here, too, are some good dioramic views of the Crimean war. Also a cosmorama of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and a portrait of the Tzar Nicholas. Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp is good, if only for the excellent accompaniments on the organ, by Mr. Best.

TURKISH EXHIBITION.—In completion of the interesting museum, at Hyde Park Corner, illustrative of the manners and customs of the Turks, a lecture has been added to the Saturday afternoon exhibitions, which is delivered with much force and expression by Mr. W. Knight, whose acquirements well qualify him for the task. His elucidations of the objects of art and industry in the museum are of great assistance to the visitor, who thus becomes familiar with the resources and habits of the Turks, as well as with the characters of the present war.

MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.—PAUL MALL.—When, in 1849, the army of the United States approached the city of Mexico, deep trenches and fosses were constructed; and, in making the necessary excavations, these Mexican antiquities were discovered. They represent the rude art of three eras, which, however, it is difficult to classify. The stone objects are, doubtless, the earliest, and probably refer to the Toltec period, while some of the terra-cotta images and vases are long prior to the Spanish conquests, and a few are subsequent to that period.



GENERAL SIR DE LUCY EVANS.



A WINTER AFTERNOON BY C. BRANWHITE, AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The collection of the British Institution, this year, is an improvement. The efforts to retrieve the character of the second-hand exhibition have not been altogether without success, and at all events there is the negative improvement which has been noticed of late years in most of the minor exhibitions—the absence of the astounding daubs which used once to be thought not unfit for public view. On the whole, there is some reason to question the beneficial influence of exhibitions of a general kind, in a place so limited for room as the British Institution. In the case of water-colour painters, there are special reasons for a separate gallery; the stronger since the water-colour departments of the Royal Academy have never been well arranged. But where a miscellaneous class of pictures is admitted, and the space is limited, either the admission must be confined to magnates in a numerous profession—which certainly is not the case here—or the fellowship will fall to a certain level of artists respectable in their profession, whose constant repetition of idea and treatment will degenerate to mannerism. The feeling with which the visitor enters the door is too like that with which you enter the door of some scientific or literary society, expecting to hear or see something pleasing or profitable, but anticipating the range of ideas and the treatment to the very subject. So it is with the collection this year. A sight of the catalogue would almost supersede a visit. The names of Sant, Jutsum, Glasse, Branwhite, Lance, and Linton, at once call to the eye a biblical drawing-room lady, a forest opening, a rough and wild cavalier careered by moonlight, a snow scene—probably with a canal, Pine apple and Co., and a sunny classic scene from Italy. And lucky is it if the manner is always so well supported, as by that well-known half dozen: the proportion is much greater of respectable gentlemen whose work is about as striking, and about as individualized, as the painter's address card. Have we not a "victory" by Jones, and an "old acquaintance" by Inskip? And the sameness and lameness become more palling from the companionship. Each man is better in his own studio, than where the very association on the wall repeats him; as the sweetest of accordions becomes intolerable from the eternal procession of the same harmonies.

The genius which has the power to break through the depressing effect of this association in sameness derives its force from the source of all art—nature. It is not the identity of subject that constitutes the abuse, though it is a fault. Even those of the Old

Masters who were most mannered, eschewed identity of subject. Both Rembrandt and Caravaggio could escape from the cellar of their chiaroscuro, and both could handle an infinite variety of subjects, from the highest to the lowest. It is when you descend to theatrical fancy men, like Salvator Rosa, that you find the identity of subject coming in; but even he had force derived from a knowledge of nature in real life, and in free life. So it is with Glasse. He is a rider; he has passed moorland, heath, and shaw in the saddle; and he paints as in *The Border Spear*, with a strong life in his pencil. Yet his frequent turning of the same idea is making his figures degenerate into the air of a

lay figure, his horse looks too much like a stuffed model at the saddler's, and his moonlight has the effect of coloured glass. On the other hand, there is a picture of a young lady in sober sadness and shadow, called *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, a respectable young lady, who looks discontented enough, but has no trace of the passion which, by its shadow, lends sombreness to the lonely desertion. Our quiet regular life seldom breeds Marianas of the Italian stamp, and the painter of 68 certainly has not been familiar with the Ariadne tribe.

Costume, the solicitudes of the toilet, and a certain dressed-up aspect, may pass in comedy which deals with manners, and hence Mr. Selous's study of a dapper Spanish serving-man in *Gil Blas*, with a gouty asthmatical old man in the *Ecclesiastic*, and a fair nonentity in *Camilla*, passes for a very good scene carefully painted; but, although Mr. Sant might plead Guido for his example, even that painter at his feeblest gives us ladies less *soignée* than the genteel model praying in 63; and there is a certain combination of pale complexion, with blue and white drapery, that it becomes a bore to see annually. There is more reality of purpose, and of person too, in Burchett's harsh, hard, crude picture of the saint washing the feet of the beggars.

It is in landscape as usual that the freest force comes out. Jutsum's *Hatfield Park*, G. C. Stanfield's *Birk Crag*, are strong because they faithfully follow, with life-like touch, undebated by the mechanical, the living traits of nature. Ansdell and Creswick make an excellent partnership in *The Park*.

It is that fidelity to nature, indeed, that may bring a man safe through a life of manner. Lance is a veteran. He made his fame by catching the brilliant lines of nature herself in the richest lines of fruit; and succeeded so well, that it was beyond temptation not to continue. Lance became the slave of the Dessert; but it is a very dainty slavery. Sure you can scarcely escape the eternal pine-apple; but what living hand can grow it so well on canvass? And the forms are so well caught, the relative force of tint so well preserved, that although, of course, wood and ink cannot come up to the palette, Lance is nevertheless a favourite subject for the wood-engraver. (Illustration at page 9.)

Branwhite seems to feel his confidence escape if it thaws; he flourishes, like the snow-drops, when winter wears its mantle; and there is a tendency to manner in the constant repeat. But still it is excellent, just because he makes each picture a really fresh study. The endless variety of forms into which snow falls and settles, the constant diversity of the way in which the under-



Palmerston

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, FROM A PICTURE BY RICHMOND.

lying objects peep through, the changing character of country in the whole surface, are so many differences which relieve the monotony of subject, and keep the pencil alive. The present picture has also a glow of reddish light upon the snow which the graver can not follow; but we trust that the many traits of nature, and of accidental form, which give Branwhite's scenes such reality in their repose, have been tolerably caught.

The Bird Trap, by G. Smith, is careful and well-coloured, though somewhat artificial in arrangement. The picture tells its own story. (Illustration at page 8.)

THEATRES AND MUSIC.

ADELPHI.—On Monday a real old-fashioned Adelphi piece, called "Janet Pride," from the pen of Mr. Bourcualt, was produced for the first time—a description of piece, which, under Mr. Webster's management, we have not been sorry to see becoming unfrequent, notwithstanding the "thrilling interest" and "intense excitement." It is in five acts, of which the first two, having considerable intervals of time between them, are of the nature of prologues to the drama proper. The plot is much too long, as we given credit, even did it possess more originality or skill than it does; but a sufficient idea of the chief incidents may be gathered from our sketch of the principal character, *Richard Pride*, played by Mr. Webster, to whose admirable acting of a revolting part much of the success of the piece must be attributed. This worthy, to gratify his propensity for drinking, commits a forgery in London, and dies in Paris, where his brutal disposition occasions the death of his wife, *Janet Pride*; he is then arrested for the forgery, sent to England, and transported to Australia, where he escapes, and becomes a bush-ranger, shoots his companion *Black Jack* (Paul Bedford), who has murdered and robbed a *Sergeant Gray*, and returns to England, personating the murdered man. Arrived in London, his drinking and his never leaving him, he at length steals a valuable watch, throws the suspicion on a young girl, who is tried and found guilty of the theft, after which he discovers that the girl is his daughter, and he shoots himself. Madame Celeste played *Janet Pride*, the wife of *Richard*, and afterwards *Janet Pride*, their daughter, on whom, as we have just said, *Pride* has committed robbery, and in both characters she gave her accustomed excellence; the scene in Paris, where she takes her infant to the Foundling, and, having deposited it, falls dead on the snow, was indeed a terrible picture. Mr. Keeley created much amusement as *Dicty Trot*, a watchmaker's apprentice, and mingled, as he frequently does, a pathos with his oddities, deserving high commendation, but which his auditors were much too slow to recognize. The piece was well acted throughout; we especially mention Mr. Selby, capably made up as the old watchmaker *Bernard*, *Dicty Trot*'s master. There was some good scenery, and the play was announced for repetition amidst tumultuous applause.

MARYLEBONE.—A new version of the old story of the "Man with the Iron Mask," by Mr. W. B. Barnard, was produced here on Monday. Mr. William Wallack played the hero, *Leon*; depicting with much discrimination and force the varied phases of the character, from the romantic ardour of youth, to the worn-down and hopeless victim of a terrible doom. Mrs. Wallack deserves praise for her personation of the ungrateful part of *Hortense*, as also does Mr. Edgar, for his careful representation of the Huguenot leader. The piece is ambitiously written: it was well put on the stage, and completely successful.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE read "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Exeter Hall on Monday, accompanied by, or rather the reading interspersed with, Mendelssohn's incidental music. The lady's reading, though perhaps a shade too theatrical, was, on the whole, very admirable, her voice filling the large hall to its remotest part, even in her lowest tones. Her skill in depicting the various phases of the dramatic personages, and her evident appreciation of the beautiful poetry, make it no wonder that this is one of her most popular performances. We don't know that Mrs. Fanny Kemble would agree with us in thinking that she was most successful in the tender and feminine parts of the play; but stately as was the style of the courtly scenes, and beautifully as the frolicsome and comic parts were played, and as boisterous as were the scenes with *Bottom*, there was a charm far more to our taste in, for instance, *Hermia*'s scene with *Lysander* in the wood, and in *Titania*'s love-sick speeches to *Bottom*. Mendelssohn's music was well performed, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, by an efficient orchestra and good chorus: but there is one point that should be amended if, as we hear and hope, the performance is to be repeated; it seems something like an insult to an audience, where all else is so admirable, to give the solo parts to inefficient vocalists.

On Monday, the third of Mr. Dando's Quartet Concerts was given at Crosby Hall. It opened with a Quintet (Op. 25), by Onslow, followed by a pretty and musician-like Quartet, composed expressly for these concerts, by Mr. A. Mellon. The gem of the evening was Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (No. 2 of Op. 30), for pianoforte and violin, played by Messrs. W. Dorrell and Dando. Mendelssohn's Theme with variations (Op. 17), for pianoforte and violoncello, played by Messrs. W. Dorrell and Lucas, followed, and a Quartet of Haydn's (No. 60) concluded a most agreeable concert, which we were pleased to see so well attended. The other instrumentalists, besides those already mentioned, were Messrs. A. Mellon, the composer of the Quartet, Hill, and J. Reynolds.

The Amateur Musical Society gave its first concert of the season on Monday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, under the able direction of Mr. L. Leslie. The programme was strong, almost exclusively amateurs, played, and played well, Weber's overture to *Der Freyschütz*, Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major, Mozart's pianoforte Concerto in D minor (the pianoforte part beautifully played by Miss Poland), and Außer's overture to *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. The vocal music consisted of several German glees, admirably sung by about twenty male voices.

LITERATURE.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE; forming a sequel to the work entitled, "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet." By M. Huc. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

These two volumes furnish us with more interesting and impartial matter, newer opinions, and the best picture of the manners and customs of the Chinese we have yet had. "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet," stamped him as an able and graphic writer, but the author was compelled, through circumstances, to leave that work unfinished, expressing, in a postscript, his wish some day to complete it; and the present moment has been chosen for the completion of his design. It treats exclusively of China; and the narrative is resumed from the time when, having crossed the frontiers, M. Huc was carried by his conductors towards the capital of Tselchouen, to be there brought to trial. M. Huc animadvert upon previous descriptions given by travellers, excepting those made by some learned orientalis, especially M. Abel Remusat, as being both too flattering and exaggerated to be correct; while modern missionaries have fallen into the opposite extreme. M. Huc embarked first for China in 1838, and did not revisit his native country until 1852; the shattered state of his health obliging his return to France. From our author's long residence of fourteen years in the empire, his two journeys across its whole extent, his familiarity with the language and literature, and his position as a missionary, which brought him into personal contact with the people, he acquired the knowledge to give a full and correct opinion upon the Chinese.

M. Huc does not limit himself to facts connected with his Apostolic mission, but desires to interest readers of every opinion, and to make China known to all. In a country so peculiar, we may anticipate improbable details, especially if, as our author says, we do not put ourselves in "a Chinese point of view." We remember the feelings of a very ancient traveller, William de Rubruquis, who, on first entering the Tartar dominions, thought he had come into a new world. Another traveller in the same remote regions, Marco Polo, the Venetian gentleman, has left such a strange narrative of what he encountered, that a worthy epitomizer of his book has informed us, "his chief jest lay in describing cities with a million of bridges, husbands with a million of wives, birds with a million of wings, beasts with a million of legs, besides isles of giants, rivers of gems, and goblets of wine that came to the drinker of their own accord." No wonder then if what M. Huc relates should sometimes read stranger than fiction. The reality is strange, sad, and motley enough. Nothing of private or public importance seems to have escaped our Frenchman's notice; and he passes, in full review, the character, manners, institutions, and practices of the people, and the internal administration of the Empire.

M. Huc attempts to account, in many ways, for the over-flooding population of China; such as the general eagerness of parents to marry their children, the shame attached to dying without descendants, the retention of property in the direct line from the incapacity of girls to inherit; but a great cause, perhaps, is the profound peace which the Empire has enjoyed for the last two hundred years, though since the breaking out of the insurrection that can no longer be assigned. The population has been variously computed: Amot reckoned it at 150,265,475. Lord Macartney at 333,000,000, but M. Huc adopts a Manchou census, which raises the total number to 361,000,000. Commercial organization is, perhaps, no where so perfect as in China. The Empire is recognizable by the laws as the sole proprietor of the soil. Hereditary titles only exist for the Imperial family, and for the descendants of Confucius, who are still very numerous.

The sovereign power in China is, then, in all respects absolute; but it is not, as has been supposed, for that reason despotic. It is a strong and vast system of centralisation. The emperor is the head of an immense family; and the absolute authority that belongs to him is not absorbed, but delegated to his ministers, who in their turn transmit their powers to the inferior officers of their administrative governments. The subdivisions of authority thus extend gradually downwards to groups of families, of which the fathers are the natural chiefs, and just as absolute within their sphere as any other. It may well be supposed that this absolute power, being thus infinitely divisible, is no longer equally dangerous; and besides, public opinion is always ready to check any excesses on the part of the emperor, who would not without exciting general indignation, dare to violate the rights of any of his subjects.

M. Huc confirms previous writers in describing the woman as pitiable. Her very birth, a Chinese authors informs us, is regarded as a disgrace to the family:—

When a son is born, she says, he sleeps upon a bed; he is clothed with robes, and plays with pearls; every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born, she sleeps upon the ground, and is merely wrapped up in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously. She has nothing to think of but preparing food, making wine, and not vexing her parents.

M. Huc assures us that the situation of ordinary travellers in China is not an enviable one; for troublesome customs, inconvenient furniture, dishes not to the taste, and bad lodging, are not the most inconsiderable of the evils to be met. But during the whole of the journey—with a short exception, where one of his fellow-travellers was imposed upon by a greedy old mandarin—from the frontiers of Thibet to Canton, they constantly lived with Chinese of the highest class, and were luxuriously lodged in Koung-Kouans, or communal palaces, from which ordinary travellers are rigidly

excluded. The manner in which they attained this success was bold and ingenious. From first to last they seem to have carried on a series of revolts against the authorities, substituting rebellion for persuasion, reasoning in China being a sort of insanity. They first quarrelled with the mandarins, insisting on performing the journey in palanquins, and then opposed the Tribunal of Rites as to the way in which they should be dressed; since they were desirous of inspiring a salutary awe among the Chinese through the influence of costume. They doffed their Thibet dress, arrayed themselves in sky-blue robes, and encased their feet in black satin boots, adorned with soles of dazzling whiteness. So much resistance the Tribunal of Rites tolerated; but the corporation grew furious when our travellers adopted the yellow cap and red sash, attributes of imperial majesty itself, and forbidden to the people under pain of perpetual banishment. Their whole progress seems to have been marked by this rebelliousness, if not audacity; things being carried with a very high hand, and the authorities being literally bullied into submission, as "they ought to be," says this tyrannical traveller.

From Ta-tien-lou, just within the boundary of the Celestial Empire, their journey for a time seems to have been delicious, through a deep and narrow valley, nothing abating the speed of the bearers;—mountainous scenery on each side, adorned with every variety of verdure; flocks of goats and long-eared oxen feeding on the mountain pastures; the air heavy with fragrance, and countless birds warbling in the branches of the trees. This alternates with wilder scenery, and the sight of snow recalls the terrors and wretchedness of their journey through Thibet and Tartary. After twelve days' march they arrived at Tching-tou-fou, where M. Huc was brought to trial by order of the Emperor, in order that his character and object might be ascertained before proceeding further; but the terrible arrangements of the tribunal do not seem to have affected our hero. He treated his questioners with the utmost contempt and sang-froid, and did not forget to criticize their faces, and that most irreverently.

A great door was then suddenly opened, and we beheld, at a glance, the numerous personages of this Chinese performance. Twelve stone steps led up to the vast inclosure where the judges were placed; on each side of this staircase was a line of executioners in red dresses; and when the accused passed tranquilly through their ranks, they all cried out with a loud voice, "Tremble! Tremble!" and rattled their instruments of torture. We were stopped at about the middle of the hall, and then eight officers of the court proclaimed in a chanting voice the customary formula—"Accused! on your knees! on your knees!" The accused remained silent and motionless. The summons was repeated, but there was still no alteration in their attitude. The two officers with the Crystal Ball, now thought themselves called on to come to our assistance, and pulled our arms to help us to kneel down. But a solemn look, and some few emphatic words, sufficed to make them let go their hold. They even judged it expedient to retire a little, and keep a respectful distance.

Whilst the president was interrogating us, which he did with apparent good nature and affability, we remarked that the person seated on his right hand, his *Nyan-tcha-see*, or Inspector of Crimes, a kind of attorney-general, a wrinkled old man with a face like a polecat, who rocked himself about, muttered continually between his teeth, and seemed vexed at the turn the discussion was taking. After finishing the examination of the little case, the president became again silent and motionless as before, and the public accuser began to speak. He made great use of this opportunity; discoursed with great volubility concerning the majesty of the Celestial Empire, and the inviolability of its territory; reproached us with our audacity, with our vagabondising life about the provinces and among the tributary nations; and then fired at us in a volley of questions, which certainly proved his eager desire to become acquainted with every particular concerning us. He asked who had introduced us to the empire; whether there were many European missionaries in China, where they lived, what resources they could command for their subsistence; and, finally, a crowd of questions that appeared to us exceedingly impertinent. His tone and manner, too, were by no means in accordance with politeness and "the rites"; and it became necessary to give this man a lesson, and moderate his impetuosity. When he was moderating at a great rate, and allowing his eloquence to overflow into all sorts of subjects, we listened to him with great calmness and patience. When he had finished, we said to him:—"We men of the West, you see, like to discuss matters of business with coolness and method; but your language has been so diffuse and violent, that we have scarcely been able to make out your meaning. Be so good as to begin again, and express your thoughts more clearly and more peacefully."

These words, pronounced with great slowness and gravity, had all the effect we could have desired; whispers and significant smiles began to circulate through the assembly, and the judges cast jocular glances at the "Inspector of Crimes," who was evidently quite disconcerted. He wished to resume his speech, but his ideas had become so confused, that he did not seem to know what he had been saying.

We then addressed the president, saying that, as we found nothing but disorder and confusion in the speech of the Inspector of Crimes, we could not possibly reply to it; and begging that he would himself continue the examination, as "We men of the West admired dignity and precision of language."

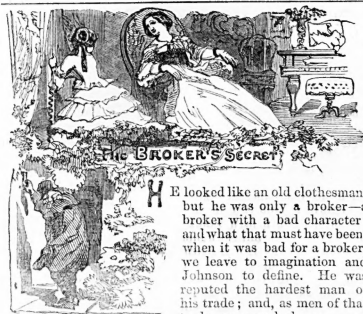
These words tickled the vanity of the president; he returned to us our courtesy with interest, and at last inquired who had brought us to China, and with whom we had lodged.

"Our hearts are saddened," we replied, "that we are not able to satisfy you on this point. We will speak to you of ourselves as much as you please; but of those who have been in relation with us, not a word. Our resolution on this point has been long since taken, and there is no human power capable of inducing us to alter it."

"But you must answer!" cried the Inspector of Crimes, gestulating violently; "you must answer! How else would truth be found in this investigation?"

"The president has questioned us in a noble and authoritative manner, and we have replied to him with simplicity and frankness. As for you, Inspector of Crimes, we have already said that we do not understand you."

The translator of these very curious volumes seems to have performed his task admirably, and with a just appreciation of the vivid and dramatic manner in which our author conveys his impressions.



He looked like an old clothesman, but he was only a broker—a broker with a bad character; and what that must have been, when it was bad for a broker, we leave to imagination and Johnson to define. He was reputed the hardest man of his trade; and, as men of that trade are popularly supposed to be mere electrical machines, worked by flints, not hearts, a supremacy of flintiness must have left him a fearful conglomerate. He was a withered old man now, bent almost double with age and rheumatism, with a hooked nose and light-brown eyes, red round the lids, and a strange mixture of surliness and suspicion in his face. He looked a cross between a mastiff and a weasel, which he was in character as well as in countenance. No one had a good word to say for him. The publican at the corner was sure there was something queer in a man who didn't take his honest glass like the rest; and the baker looked down on him because he ate "seconds" on principle. If a distress befall him, there was no nearest neighbour to whom he prayed that it might not be by old Joe Mappin of Holborn Buildings. One woman said she'd as lief have the Emperor of Russia as him; her daughter said she'd liefer. The very children were afraid of him, and screamed if he came too near them, unless they were impudent and mocked him. But to the little ones he was the district Bogie; and "Old Joe Mappin" stood in Holborn Buildings, scanning the riotous small fry of the gutters, for "the black man" of more civilised nurseries.

Everybody said the old man had a secret. Some thought he was a coiner, and others that he had committed a murder, and went to look at the body or the grave. Others, again, said that he had a mad wife locked up in a garret, on straw; but none knew exactly what they thought, excepting the broad fact that there was a secret to be discovered, wherever it belonged to him, a disgraceful one: "he could have nothing but villainy to conceal," said the inspector to Policeman X, 82.

Why the report arose of his having a secret in his life was because, evening after evening, he was seen stealing in the dusk from his garret, along Holborn, towards the West End. No one knew where he went to, though more than one lounging fellow had said out to follow him; but somehow the old man always contrived to escape, doubling through the streets in such a quick and unexpected manner that, however it was done, he invariably got clear away. All sorts of plans had been made to track him, but they failed, every one of them; and the broker's secret was a secret still. Little Teddy, his landlord's boy, came the nearest to discover it, when he followed him at last somewhere up in the New Road, near Regent's Park, though that was a good measure to have taken, too. Moreover, he saw that Joe was decently dressed beneath his shabby old cloak—a thing no one else had known; and from that time the report got about that it was a love affair with some mysterious celebrity, and that Joe was buying a wife with his gold; for "he had a Californy-worth," said his landlord's little boy, "Teddy."

One evening Joe set out, as usual, with his shabby old cloak and battered old hat, but well-dressed enough beneath. He walked cautiously at first, hobbling, as was natural to him now, with his rheumatics so bad; but, after he had passed through his particular quarter, turning round constantly as if to cough, but in reality to see if any one were following him, he was back in the New Road, and then, through all sorts of queer alleys and bye-places, winding and doubling like a fox: the best topographer in London could not have followed him. At last he came to a very pretty house in the Regent's Park—a house which was evidently inhabited by a gentleman of fortune, as well as of taste; for all the appointments were in such perfect keeping, and there was such a wealth of costly simplicity about it as could only belong to both these conditions. The broker looked up at the window as he came beneath it, and a little girl of about fourteen or fifteen—but young and slight for her age—leaning out from among the geraniums, cried, as answer to his look, "Why, Joe, how late you are to-night!"

That sweet voice! the old man used to say to himself that he would not exchange it for "Joe!" for a good fippin' note! He nodded to her affectionately; and, carefully scraping his shoes, opened the door and went in—with the air of a man who knows that he will be welcome. He took off his hat and cloak, and put them away into a dark corner; and then, clean and "respectable-looking," he went up stairs to the drawing-room.

A lady, still beautiful and still young—young, at least, for the mother of a family of fifteen—was sitting at the breakfast-table. She looked up at him with a smile, and every beauty—nestled in that lonely home, like a bird in a golden cage—how strange the chance which had thrown together anything so graceful as this lady and that old Jew broker! Yet they were well acquainted: they were even friends; for she rose when he entered, and advanced towards him kindly, and shook hands with him, and drew forward the best easy chair for him, and petted him as women only can pet, without any visible overt act. But all that Joe seemed to wish for was to sit at a little distance, and watch her as she bent over her embroidery, and to hear her say again and again that she was contented and happy.

"And you are certain sure you want for nothing?" nor Miss Margaret neither?"

"Nothing, Joe, nothing," and the sweet lady looked up affectionately, as if she had spoken to a father.

"That is enough—that is all I want," muttered Joe; and then he went back into the depths of his quiet meditation, watching the lady's face, and every now and then glancing round the room, as if to see that all was right, and to find out where he could alter and improve. After this had gone on for a short time, Joe Mappin asked for Margaret in an unsmooth way, strangely softened, like a mastiff partly mesmerised. The lady rang the bell, and Margaret came. It seemed to be the usual way in which she was summoned when the broker was there, for she came at once, without giving the servant time to call her. She also showed the most unaffected gratitude and love for the old man, running up to him and taking his hand, and calling him "dear Joe" as if she meant it.

"And is there nothing that the little lady wants?" said Joe, patting her head and smoothing down her curls. "Has she gowns and bonnets now, lady? for you know she has but to ask and have."

"Why, Joe, I don't wear out a frock in a week!" said Margaret, laughing; "and it was only last Tuesday that you gave me that beauty, though I hadn't half worn my blue silk."

Joe Mappin drew her between his knees, and held her face in his hands. "Silver and gold isn't good enough for you both!" he said, with almost a passion of fervour in his voice; "so never stint yourselves for fear of me."

But they both said again that they had all they could require, even if they were princesses in a fairy tower, Margaret added; and, when this assurance had been repeated to almost a wearisome number of times, Joe Mappin was content, and so relapsed into silence again. And there he sat till the last rays of the sun had gone, and candles had been brought—they were the finest wax, you may be sure—a peculiar expression of tenderness on his mastiff face, as if he was reading a sweet chapter lovingly—listening to a noble song admiringly. And then, when it was quite dark outside, he went away muffled up in his greasy old cloak, as he had come, and hobbling rheumatically when he came near his own quarter.

This, then, was the broker's secret, and this was its history. About fifteen years ago, Joe Mappin, almost an old man even then, was called to seize the goods of a certain Captain Thornton, living at the West End. The captain was one of those gay, reckless, loveable men who, by dint of sheer animal magnetism, live for years on credit; and are then only brought to account when it has become a matter of life and death to some of the poorer creditors—those creditors as sorry for their debtor as if it were themselves going to the Queen's Bench, and accusing themselves bitterly—the tender-hearted, at least—for the trouble they are bringing on him. Joe Mappin, the hardest of his profession, the iron-hearted grasping Jew broker, who was believed not to have a single human feeling, even he was touched by the gallant frankness and gracious manner of his victim; and as for the wife—that noble, patient, glorious woman, with her little one in her arms—something rose up in his heart for her which he had never felt in his life before. It was an infinite yearning worship, such as he had read of in the novels of the libraries he had seized, but which he had always thought trash, and the mere mouthings of author fools. He felt now, and for the first time, that there was such a thing in the human heart as Love—the love of beauty, the love of virtue, love for pity's sake. Captain Thornton was carried off to the Queen's Bench, and, after a short term of imprisonment, died suddenly of apoplexy. He had lived too freely, and taken too little exercise; and, being one of those fair-haired men of sanguine temperament who require abstinence and work but who love luxury and idleness, he had met the fate any medical man would have predicted. His wife and child were thus left alone in the world, and penniless. The broker had never lost sight of them. Gifts from an unknown hand, money, clothing, and even food, had kept Mrs. Thornton from want—all the more welcome, as by her marriage she had displeased her relatives, who were, perhaps, not sorry now of this excuse to avoid maintaining her. When the captain died, then, old Joe Mappin came forward openly. He told her how he had lived an Ishmaelite life, without pity and without love; he told her how she had roused feelings in him—feelings of reverence for humanity, such as he had never known before; and the old man bowed himself before her as to a superior being, and besought of her the privilege of maintaining her and her child. He wanted nothing, he said, but to know that they were happy, and sometimes to hear them say so. He had not a relation in the world to whom he could leave his money—not one that they would wrong by taking it: he had hoarded, because it was in his nature to hoard; but he never knew for what end he saved. Now, he should have saved for Heaven, if she would but accept her life on these terms. They were not hard! and if she objected to his going to see her, he would not. Indeed, indeed, it was her happiness, and that sweet baby's—not his own—that he cared for, in the offers!

What could she do, that gentle woman without friends or fortune, or the means of earning her own subsistence? What could she do, but look at her child, hold out both her hands to that strange old man, and burst into tears of gratitude, and shame, and sorrow, all mixed up together, as she faltered out "Yes," and took her fate from his hands. She understood the depth of his feelings, and was herself too truthful and too noble to assume a false dignity, which would have been less dignified than the acceptance of his generosity. She thanked him by her tears, and she kissed his withered hand; and that touch bound old Joe Mappin as her slave for life: the first, last, and only time that a woman's lips had ever touched him. And in this manner their lives had passed for the last fifteen years. He took a beautiful little house for the widow and her child, and furnished it with every luxury and taste possible. All that came in his way—dress, jewellery, furniture, ornaments—whatever it might be that was most rare and expensive, he bought for them. He lavished his money like water, and thought nothing dear which would call forth a smile from the woman or a joyous exclamation from the child. Their pleasure repaid him for everything; it was his world, his heaven, his life.

But the time was coming fast now when poor old Joe

Mappin, the broker, must face the boundary between time and eternity, and learn the great secret. When the winter had killed Margaret's flowers, had stripped her geraniums of their leaves, and had frozen the songs of her birds, the old man and his death stood face to face. His rheumatism and asthma had been very bad for a long while; and, living in his niggard, neglected way, had not given him the best chance of such. He knew he was dying, but he could not die in peace without looking once more at those two faces he loved so much—the only two he had ever loved through the whole of his long life. They could not come to him, for they did not know his address, nor even his surname. He was only "Joe" in that beautiful house in the Regent's Park; and the servants thought he was "Missus's queer old uncle—perhaps from Inny or furren parts." But if they could not come to him, he would go to them—and must—whatever the risk. He could not die happily—he believed he could not pass away at all—without seeing them once more. Though the seal of death was set hard and right on his face, the old man resolved to make this long and perilous journey. He knew he should hasten the supreme moment; but it would be better even if he did, he said, sadly. He had done all he could do now; he had established and protected those dear ones, and his death would not deprive them now of a farthing, or of a single comfort. He had saved enough; let him die! He sent for a neighbour to get him up and dress him, for the last time, in his decent clothes; and when this was done—between fainting and long fits of pain—he told her to go for a cab, and "bargain with the man for his fare up to Regent's Park. Because he was old and weak he wouldn't be done by the biggest ruffian among them," he growled out.

When the woman left the room, old Joe dragged himself as he best could to a small iron safe he had let into the wall with his own hands. No one knew of it there—neither even the landlord, nor those prying eyes of little Teddy. He unlocked it, and took out a roll of bank notes, railway scrip, mortgage bonds, and government bonds, and tied them all in a blue cotton handkerchief, together with a parchment tied with red tape, sealed with a big seal, and endorsed, "Joe Mappin's will," in his own handwriting. He hid the bundle under his greasy old cloak, and then the woman came back, and found him panting and pale, and she saw that he was dying. But he swore at her between each gasp, and told her to hold her noise, and to help him down stairs. And then, half stumbling and half carried, the old man got down the stairs at last, and so was put into the cab.

He gave the man his directions in an under tone, jealously guarding the name from the crowd standing curiously about; and then he drove out of Holborn for ever. And as he left his old neighbourhood, with all its associations of the pitilessness and sorrow of which he had been the instrument and the heartless one, a change seemed to come over him. The mastiff face gradually grew more softened, more humanised. He was passing from the world of men and mammon into that of love and death, and the evil influences of his material life faded before the purification of this great baptism.

The journey—it was a long one for a dying man—tired him sadly. He did not care, though, for the pain it caused him; his only fear was that he should die before he reached his home—the home of his spirit, of his better and his purer life. But he survived it—in a sad state of suffering and prostration—and only just survived it; for when, carried by the cabman in his arms as if he had been a child, he was brought into the presence of those loved ones, all that his failing life left him power to do was to place the packet in the widow's lap, murmur faintly "It is all yours," and die with her tears falling softly on his face.

THE FIG-TREES OF GHERARDESCA.

Ye brave old fig-trees! worthy pair!
Beneath whose shade I often lay
To breathe awhile a cooler air,
And shield me from the darts of day.

Strangers have visited the spot,
Led thither by my parting song;
Alas! the strangers found you not,
And curst the poet's lying tongue.

Vanish'd each venerable head,
Nor bough nor leaf could tell them where
To look for you, alive or dead;
Unheeded was my distant prayer.*

I might have hoped (if hope had ever
Been mine) that storm or time alone
Your firm alliance would dissolve,
Nor mortal hand your strength o'erthrown.

Before an axe had bitten thro'
The bleeding bark, some tender thought,
If not for me, at least for you,
On younger bosoms might have wrought.

Age after age, your honeyed fruit,
From boys unseen thro' foliage, fell
On lifted heads; now is mute
The girlish glee! Old friends, farewell!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Doom'd to the gallows, once a lord
Craved hanging by a silken cord:
On the same errand, Aberdeen
Receives the garter of our Queen.
He who hath long played fast and loose,
Leaves Riga hemp for vulgar use;
Low rogues on rougher rope may swing,
But lords' 'tis quite another thing.

W. S. L.

* Et fecus maneat duo,
Semper religiosus
Servandus, umbritur caput
Conquassante secretis.

It was such a wet day that the children could not go out into the garden; so, as a great favour, because it was Twelfth Night, they were allowed to play in the drawing-room, under promise of not touching any of the ornaments or pretty things lying about. Telling them to be careful in rather a cross voice—for she was somewhat severe—Miss Minton, the governess, shut the door and left them, while she went to see that their pretty frocks and coats were all ready for the grand Christmas-tree party to be given that night. Mabel, the eldest, a girl about twelve years old, had the charge of the little ones in their governess's absence; and she was so good and steady, that Miss Minton thought there could be no danger in leaving them all, even in the very midst of papa's beautiful ornaments and best books, if they were under her care; nor would there have been, if they had been obedient and manageable. But Frank got tired of looking at picture-books; and, in spite of Mabel, he would swing the great ivory cup and ball round and round, not seeing that the string was worn; till, in an unlucky moment, it snapped; and the ball, which was heavy, flying through the room, struck an alabaster vase which papa prized more than anything else he had. Of course, the vase was shattered to pieces, with a great noise, which brought Miss Minton down in a moment. When she came in, all the children were standing round the broken jar in dismay; Mabel, very pale, picking up the pieces in hopes that they would fit in again and mend; little Lucy, with her fingers in her eyes, crying the noise had frightened her; Edward, the eldest boy, in jacket and trousers, scolding Frank with a loud voice; and Frank himself, the cause of all this mischief, with crimson cheeks and pouting lips, standing with his little hands clenched inside his tunic pockets, determined to brave the consequences, whatever they might be, and not on any account to say he was sorry, which was very naughty of him; for, when we have done wrong, the least we can do is to confess it, and ask for pardon.

"Who has done this?" cried Miss Minton, looking at each in turn.

Before any one else could answer, Frank said sturdily, with his lip and his funny little toss of the head, "I did, Miss Minton." He pronounced it Mith Minton.

"Naughty boy!" said Miss Minton, and she shook his arm. "How dare you touch that vase! Did I not tell you not to touch anything in the room but the picture-books?"

"I didn't touch the jar," said Frank, impertinently; thinking, like a foolish child, that boldness was bravery.

Miss Minton was very angry with him at this, both for the impertinent way in which he spoke, and because she thought he had told a story. She scolded him, and shook him roughly; and, I am sorry to say, she was so inconsiderate as to beat him. The little fellow's pride was roused; perhaps, if she had spoken to him kindly, he would have yielded at once.

"Now listen to me, Frank," said Miss Minton; "you naughty boy! unless you say now that you are very sorry for what you have done, and very sorry for the impertinent way in which you have spoken, you shall not come in to-night to the party, you shall not see the Christmas tree, and you shall have none of the pretty things you should have shared with the rest if you had been good like them, naughty boy that you are!" and she slapped his cheeks again.

"No," said Frank, liping, "I won't say that I am sorry, and I didn't speak impertinently."

"Then you must go to bed, you very bad boy," said Miss Minton, pushing him angrily.

Franky was almost crying at the idea of losing the beautiful tree, and all the pleasures of the Christmas party, which the children had been looking forward to so long; but he choked back his tears, and, with his hands still inside his tunic pockets, walked sturdily up stairs to the boys' room, where he called manfully, "Nurse, nurse, come and undress me, for I am to go to bed."

Nurse, who was very fond of Master Franky, though he was so troublesome, tried to persuade him to make his peace with Miss Minton; but Frank was an obstinate, high-spirited little fellow, and liked punishment better than obedience. So nurse, finding she could do nothing with him, was obliged to put him to bed, where he lay very crimson and quite silent, covering up his head.

And now the evening came, and the children were dressed in their pretty party frocks—Mabel and little Lucy all in

white, and Edward in a new suit, with a broad rose-coloured ribbon below his turn-down collar. The music came—a harp, and a man to play the piano, and a violin; and soon after, troops of little boys and girls, all looking so bright and happy; and kind, pretty mamma's, and dear young aunts, and grandmamma's whom everybody loved; all were there, excepting poor little Franky, lying crimson and sulky beneath the bedclothes up-stairs. And soon after the tea was brought in, and after that the dancing began.

But Mabel could not forget her little brother in disgrace; so she asked Miss Minton's leave to go up stairs, and try to make Frank submit; and, if he did, to bring him down into the drawing-room, and let him be happy with the rest. The sight of so many happy faces round her had softened Miss Minton's heart. She kissed Mabel, and told her to do what she could, and as she liked. So Mabel took a large piece of cake off the tray for Frank, and ran up stairs delighted.

The little fellow was lying quite still, not crying, and not sleeping, while the sounds of music, and laughter, and dancing feet, and children's voices, rushed up to his lonely bed in the dark, and made him feel very sorry that he was not there with them all. And he began now to think that he had been wrong, not merely because he wanted to join the rest, but because he had been left alone long.

When Mabel brought him the piece of cake, and told him how happy they all were, and how they were dancing round the Christmas tree, and what a beautiful Christmas tree it was, with such lovely things hanging down from every bough, and how they all wanted him, and only him, to make them thoroughly happy; and, when she put her arms around his little neck, and kissed his curly head, and whispered to him so lovingly to be good and reasonable, and to say that he was sorry, and he felt her tears run warm over his face, then his pride gave way, and the tears, which no fear of punishment and no regret for lost pleasures could bring, came now at his sister's gentleness and love. His little heart swelled as if it would burst; and, all his naughtiness at an end, he flung himself on her neck, and said, "Oh, Mabel! Mabel! I was a very naughty boy, and I am very sorry."

"Now it is all right, darling!" said Mabel, sobbing too for joy; "so now get up, my pet, and we'll soon dress you out so gay in your pretty new tunic; and you'll come down stairs and see the lovely Christmas tree, and dance with little Janet, and with me too, darling."

"No," lisped Frank resolutely, "I won't go down. They'll think I said it was naughty because I wanted to go to the party. No, Mabel, I am happy now that I have said I was wrong; but I won't go down. Mabel, dear!"—and the little fellow looked up into her face—"I think I should be happier here now; I don't feel as if the party belonged to me. No, Mabel, I won't go." And he covered up his face again, and cried softly under the bedclothes.

Mabel felt somehow that he was right, and that this self-inflicted punishment would do him good; she quite respected the little fellow as she kissed him very tenderly, and left him alone in his repentance and his courage; for it was a great deal for such a mere child to give up; and Mabel understood that. So she patted and caressed him again and again, and then she left him; and Frank soon cried himself to sleep. And in his sleep he saw a beautiful lady, with golden hair and large blue eyes, like the picture of poor mamma in the drawing-room, come down from Heaven, and hover near him. And he dreamt that the lady took his hands in hers, and kissed him, and spoke to him gently. Oh, it was such a sweet vision! It was so like mamma, Frank thought—and it told him to be good and noble always, and never to be too proud to confess his faults, and never to shrink from giving up a pleasure he felt he had not deserved. And the beautiful lady sat by Frank all that night in his dreams, saying many sweet and beautiful things to him; and when the morning came, he thought she pressed him in her arms, and faded gradually away. And when he awoke with a start, he found Mabel bending over him with a heap of presents from the Christmas tree; and somehow she was like that lovely lady too.

So little Frank learnt—and Miss Minton learnt, too—what we may all know and prove if we like, that love and kindness conquer all things evil in the world; and that when we want to make people good, we must be loving to them, and patient, and gentle.

THE BROKEN JAR

